FEMALE POEMS

On Several

OCCASIONS.

Written by

EPHELIA.

The Second Edition, with large Additions.

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To the most

EXCELLENT PRINCESS

MARY,

Dutchess of *Richmond* & *Lenox*.

AS he that Plants a tender Vine, takes care
To shelter it from the cold Northern Aire,
And place it where the Vigour of the Sun
May Cherish it, till it be stronger grown:
So I, that must a blooming Bud expose,
To greater Dangers than the North-wind blows;
Under some happy Shade wou'd have it grow,
Where it secure from Blasts may kindly Blow:
Than Your great Self, none fitter can I find;
For You, to all that need your Help, are kind:
So great your Power is, none will pretend
T'oppress the Smallest thing that You defend:

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Your Noble Clemency bids me be Bold,
And lay it at Your Feet, Fear bids me hold;
Asks how I can but hope, that you, who enjoy
Such Mighty Wit, should mind so poor a Toy?
But Fear I'le Banish, Hope shall be my Guide,
And I will Act a Miracle of Pride:
Omit th'Address that all to Greatness use,
And begg you'd Patronize an Infant Muse:
Give leave the front may with your Name be drest,
And then the World will value all the rest.
All know, great Madam, that you do Inherit
Your Noble Fathers far more noble Spirit:
In generosity you've Wonders done,
And Bounty's Prize from all Mankind have won:
Your Face was always Beauty's Standard thought,
Where all Pretenders to be try'd were brought:
Such noble Constancy dwells in your Breast,
Such generous Scorn of Fortune you've exprest,
Ev'n when the greatest of her Ill you've had,
A Fathers fall, as undeserv'd, as sad:
Lost crowds of Noble Friends, a large Estate;
You bravely bore these sad Effects of Fate:
The Noble Richmond, *and Great* Howard, *are*
Losses that nothing ever can Repaire:

Such

Such Valiant, Comely, Loyal, Gallant Men,
The Court muſt never hope to ſhew agen:
Yet you with Patience theſe Strokes ſuſtain.
More Fortitude's in your Heroick Mind,
Than can be ſhown again by Woman-kind:
Had I a leſs Soul'd Patron, I ſhou'd fear
This idle Triſle would offend your Ear:
But Madam, your Indulgence doth extend,
Not only to Encourage, but Defend

Ephelia.

A Poem

A POEM

Presented to his

SACRED MAJESTY,

on the Discovery of the

PLOT.

HAil Mighty Prince! whom Heaven has design'd
To be the chief Delight of human kind:
So many Vertues croud your Breast, that we
Do almost question your Mortality:
Sure all the Planets that o're Vertue Reigns,
Shed their best Influence in your Royal Veins:
You are the Glory of Monarchial Pow'rs,
In Bounties free as are descending Show'rs,
Fierce as a Tempest when ingag'd in War,
In Peace more mild than tender Virgins are;

In pitying Mercy, you not imitate
The Heavenly Pow'rs, but rather Emulate.
None but your Self, your Suffrings could have born
With ſo much Greatneſs, ſuch Heroick Scorn:
When hated Traytors do your Life perſue,
And all the World is fill'd with cares for you;
When every Loyal Heart is ſunk with Fear,
Your Self alone doth unconcern'd appear;
Your Soul within, ſtill keeps it's lawful State,
Contemns and dares the worſt effects of Fate;
As the bright Majeſty ſhot from your Eye,
Aw'd your tame Fate, and rul'd your Deſtiny.
Though your undaunted Soul bear you thus high,
Your ſolid Judgment ſees there's danger nigh;
Which with ſuch Care and Prudence you prevent,
As if you fear'd not, but would croſs th'Event.
Your Care ſo nobly looks, it doth appear
'Tis for your Subjects, not your Self you fear:
Heaven! make this Princes Life your neareſt care,
That does ſo many of your Vertues ſhare:

If

If Monarchs in their Actions copy you,
This is the neareſt piece you ever drew:
Blaſt every Hand that dares to be ſo bold,
An impious Weapon 'gainſt his Life to hold:
Burſt every Heart that dares but think him ill;
Their guilty Souls with ſo much Terrour fill,
That of themſelves they may their Plot unfold,
And live no longer than the Tale is told:
Safe in your Care, all elſe will needleſs prove,
Yet keep him ſafe too in his Subjects love.
Your Subjects view you with ſuch Loyal eyes,
They know not how they may their Treaſure prize:
Were you defenceleſs, they would round you fall,
And Pile their Bodies to build up a Wall.
Were you diſtreſs'd, 'twould move a gen'rous ſtrife,
Who firſt ſhould looſe his own, to ſave your Life.
But ſince kind Heaven theſe dangers doth remove,
VVee'l find out other ways t' expreſs our Love.
VVee'l force the Traytors all, their Souls reſign,
To Herd with him that taught them their Deſign.

AN

ELEGY

On the Right Reverend

GILBERT SHELDON,

Ld Arch-Biſhop of *Canterbury*.

WHen I heard *Sheldon* had to Fate reſign'd,
A ſudden Conſternation ſeiz'd my Mind,
Senſeleſs I ſtood, the dangerous Surprize
Kept back the Pious Tribute of my Eyes:
And tho no words can e're my Grief expreſs,
Yet by their own, all may judge it's Exceſs:
For when ſo good, ſo great a Prelate falls,
The World muſt Celebrate his Funerals:
And not a man in the vaſt Univerſe,
But ſends a Bleeding Heart t'attend his Herſe:
To tell his Vertues would whole Volumes ask,
And were a *Seraph's*, not a Womans task.

Over

Over his Flock, so tenderly Austere,
He taught them both at once, to Love and Fear;
So strictly Pious, that to all that knew
His holy life, his Precepts needless grew.
Despis'd Religion did so Beauteous seem
In this blest Saint, it rais'd its first Esteem:
His head, a Receptacle did contain
More Learning than the world can boast again.
He made his Wealth and large Possessions be,
But humble Handmaids to his Charitie;
VVhich was so great, it might be truly said,
That by his Death the Poor were Orphans made:
VVhen ugly Treason flourisht highest, he
Spight of the danger, own'd his Loyalty.
VVith joy he suffer'd for the Church and State,
And bore with ease the weightiest stroaks of Fate.
Stop! stop a while! fierce Rapture choaks my words,
And no expression to my Thoughts affords:
I am all admiration! and as well
Some heavenly Vision, as his Worth might tell.

ACROSTICH.

A ll ſev'ral Beauties, Colours, Airs, and Grace,
N one ever ſaw together in one Face:
N o? hold a while; I do a Lady know,
E ach ſeveral Beauty ſplendidly can ſhow.

B ut alaſs! Beauty's but the ſmalleſt Grace,
U nleſs it be i'th' Mind as well as Face:
R are ſhe is too i'th' Beauties of the Mind;
Y oung, and yet wiſe; the wonder of her Kind,

ACROSTICH.

A pollo hence! thy aid I do refuſe;
N o Nymph will I implore, nor yet no Muſe;
N o Nectar do I want, to write her praiſe;

G reat Subjects, without help our Fancies raiſe:
I n thy ſweet Face ſuch charming Beauties be,
L eſs we at Angels wonder than at thee:
B righter than Suns thy lovely Eyes appear,
E ach Look doth a Majeſtick ſweetneſs wear:
R eign Sov'reign Queen of Beauty, Love, and VVit,
T ill Death's cold hand ſhall teach thee to ſubmit.

Loves

Love's first Approach.

Strephon I saw, and started at the sight,
And interchangably look'd red and white;
I felt my Blood run swiftly to my heart,
And a chill Trembling seize each outward part:
My Breath grew short, my Pulse did quicker beat,
My Heart did heave, as it wou'd change its Seat:
A faint cold Sweat o're all my Body spread,
A giddy Megrim wheel'd about my head:
VVhen for the reason of this change I sought,
I found my Eyes had all the mischief wrought;
For they my Soul to *Strephon* had betray'd,
And my weak heart his willing Victim made:
The Traytors, conscious of the Treason
They had committed 'gainst my Reason,
Look'd down with such a bashful guilty Fear,
As made their Fault to every Eye appear.
Tho the first fatal Look too much had done,
The lawless wanderers wou'd still gaze on,

Kind Looks repeat, and Glances ſteal, till they
Had look'd my Liberty and Heart away:
Great Love, I yield; ſend no more Darts in vain,
I am already fond of my ſoft Chain;
Proud of my Fetters, ſo pleas'd with my ſtate,
That I the very Thoughts of Freedom hate.
O Mighty Love! thy Art and Power joyn,
To make his Frozen breaſt as warm as mine;
But if thou try'ſt, and can'ſt not make him kind,
In Love ſuch pleaſant, real Sweets I find;
That though attended with Deſpair it be,
'Tis better ſtill than a wild Liberty.

The Change or Miracle.

VVhat Miracles this childiſh God has wrought!
Things ſtrange above belief! who wou'd have thought
My Temper cou'd be to this Tameneſs brought?
I, who the wanton Boy ſo long defi'd,
And his Fantaſtick Godhead did deride,
And laugh'd at Lovers with inſulting Pride;

Now

Now pale and faint, beneath his Altar lie,
Own him a great and glorious Deity,
And want the pitty that I did deny.

For my proud Victor does my Tears neglect,
Smiles at my Sighs, treats me with diſreſpect,
And if I do complain, with frowns I'm check't.

Though all I ſue for, be the empty bliſs
Of a kind Look, or at the moſt a Kiſs,
Yet he's ſo cruel to deny me this.

Before my Paſſion ſtruck my Reaſon blind,
Such Generoſity dwelt in my mind,
I car'd for none, and yet to all was kind.

But now I tamely bend, and ſue in vain,
To one that takes delight t' encreaſe my pain,
And proudly does Me, and my Love diſdain.

To a Gentleman that durſt not paſs the door while I ſtood there.

SIR,

PAſſion's force compels me now to write,
And aggravates the wrongs I fain won'd ſlight:
They to my Soul in ſuch loud clamours ſpeak,
That Reaſon to reſiſt them is too weak:
Firſt Rage, or Anger, (call it which you pleaſe)
VVhiſpers my Soul, bear ſuch affronts as theſe?
Can your great Mind be unconcern'd, when you
VVith your own Eyes did ſuch a paſſage view?
Can you with Patience hear him ſay, he dare
Not ſtir from thence while that fond Fool is there?
Oh! where is all your former Greatneſs gone?
You in this Act the *Stoicks* have out done:
He calls you fond, and kind, but let him ſee
You can diſdain ſuch petty things as he:
Thus Anger counſel'd me to do,---but when
I ſtrove to obey her Dictats, ah! then

Some-

Something like Pitty in your Cauſe did plead,
And my faint Anger did in Triumph lead:
Shame pleaded next, and mildly did requeſt,
She might not quite be exil'd from my breſt,
VVhich ſhe muſt be, if I ſhou'd entertain
But the leaſt Thought of loving you again;
For when firſt notice of the words I took,
Such heat and blood into my Face it ſtruck,
My ſelf cou'd hardly tell for what it came,
VVhether I bluſh'd for Anger or for Shame:
But when your face I ſaw, I ſtraight grew cold,
I ſtarted, trembl'd, and my Eye-balls roul'd:
The breath I had ſcarce ſerv'd me to retire,
E're in a Swound I gently did expire.
But my high Thoughts, and too too gen'rous Flame,
Scorn'd to be curbed by a needleſs Shame;
Hate pleaded next, fiercer than all the reſt,
And yet a greater ſtranger to my breſt;
For my calme breſt, till now was ne're the Seat
Of Surly Paſſion, or unruly Heat,

Hate

Hate urg'd, each Action look'd as done in ſcorn,
Then asked if I to bear affronts was born:
This and much more She ſaid, but all in vain,
Ill thoughts of you I ne're cou'd entertain;
Your great Affronts, I witty Jeſts did think,
And at coy Looks would turn my head, or wink:
Nay, when you gave ſuch proofs of your Diſdain,
That I muſt ſee't, I gav't another Name;
I only thought you ſaw me go aſtray,
And generouſly put me in my way.
How ſtrangely is my Life perplex'd by fate!
I wou'd not Love, and yet I cannot hate.

Firſt farewel to *J. G.*

FArewel my dearer half, joy of my heart,
Heaven only knows how loth I am to part:
VVhole Months but hours ſeem, when you are here,
VVhen abſent, every Minute is a Year:
Might I but always ſee thy charming Face,
I'de live on Racks, and wiſh no eaſier place.

But

But we muſt part, your Intereſt ſays we muſt;
Fate, me no longer with ſuch Treaſure truſt.
I wou'd not tax you with Inconſtancy,
Yet *Strephon*, you are not ſo kind as I:
No Intereſt, no nor Fate it ſelf has pow'r
To tempt me from the Idol I adore:
But ſince you needs will go, may *Africk* be
Kinder to you, than *Europe* is to me:
May all you meet and every thing you view
Give you ſuch Tranſport as I met in you.
May no ſad thoughts diſturb your quiet mind,
Except you'l think of her you left behind.

To Mr. J. G. *on his being choſen Steward of his Club, preſented with the Laurel.*

SIr, by your Merit led, to you I bring
A Laurel-wreath, but 'tis too mean a thing
For your high VVorth and Parts, which we
In vain wou'd Blazon by ſuch Herauldry:
For Laurel, Palme, and Olive, may ſet forth
Our Love to you, but not expreſs your worth;
VVhich doth exceed theſe humble types, as far
As *Titans* Rays out ſhine a twinkling Star:
I'le ſay no more, leſt while I make You beſt,
I ſeem Injurious to all the reſt
Of this fair Company, who do all by me
Chuſe you their Steward, and unanimouſly
Intreat your care, to make their Club to be
For Honour and Grandure, *The Society.*

To

To *J. G.* in abſence.

DEar Object of my Love! didſt thou but know
The Tortures, that I daily undergo
For thy dear ſake, thou ſure woud'ſt be ſo kind,
To weep the Troubles that invade my mind;
I need not tell thee that I dearly love,
No, all my Actions will my Paſſion prove:
For thee I've left the wiſe, the great, the good,
And on my Vows, not my Preferment ſtood.
Think then, dear *Strephon*, how unkind thou art,
To prove the Torturer of that tender heart,
That choſe thee out to be its chief Delight,
And knows no real Joy but in thy ſight.
Since firſt thy Courtſhip me to Love inclin'd,
Thou ne're haſt been one hour out of my mind.
How tedious then muſt thy long abſence be
To her, that wiſhes nothing elſe to ſee,
And lives not, but when in thy Company?
Haſte then dear Love! for if thou longer ſtay,
My Griefs will make me ſigh my Soul away.

Prologue to the Pair-Royal of Coxcombs, Acted at a Dancing-School.

' Gallants,

IF, as you ſay, you Love Varietie,
VVe have ſome hopes, that you ſo kind will be
To the poor Play, to give it your Applauſe,
Though not for Wit, nor Worth, but yet becauſe
A Woman wrote it; though it be not rare,
It is not common. VVomen ſeldom dare
To reach ſo high, to entertain your Ears,
VVhich ſtrikes our Poets with a thouſand fears
Of your diſpleaſure; yet ſome little Ray
Of hope is left; for womens Pardons may
Be gain'd with eaſe ſurely from Gentlemen;
Be kind for once then to a Female Pen.
VVhen you with women in diſcourſe do ſit,
Before their Faces you'l commend their wit,
Pray flatter now, the Poet heareth it:
She hopes too, the great Wits, who croud the Age,
Cenſure the Poets, and undo the Stage,

VVon't

Won't undervalue so their mighty Wit,
To Criticize on what a Woman writ:
Yet if you'l have it so, it shall be Naught,
They that dislike, are welcome to find Fault;
For She protests, She had no other ends
In writing this, than to divert her Friends:
Like, or dislike, She's careless, bid me say,
That you shou'd Censure only when you Pay:
True, they must fawn, that write for a Third day.
She scornes such Baseness, therefore will not sue:
But yet, bright Ladies, does submit to you;
Your Smiles may cherish, what their Frowns wou'd blast,
Then when they Hiss, be pleas'd to Clap more fast:
She knows your Judgments are too clear, and high
To be Deceiv'd, but knows no Reason why
You may not Pardon all the Faults you spy.
Be kind then Ladies to this trifling Play,
Her Wit is now i'th' Bud, when blown, She may
Present you with a better; till It come,
This, Ladies, humbly begs a gentle Doom.

The first Song in the Play.

BEgone fond Love, make haſte away,
Duty, not thee, our Souls muſt ſway:
Can thy Almighty Pow'rs
Find out no other Hearts,
To Shoot thy Fatal Darts,
But hapleſs Ours,
VVho cannot, though we wou'd, Obey?
What ſecret Pow'r is it, Controuls
The Empire thou pretend'ſt o're Souls?
That ſtill thy ſhafts are loſt,
And ſtill thou Shoot'ſt in vain,
For they that feel moſt Pain,
By Duty 're Croſt,
Or elſe unjuſtly meet Diſdain.

Fondly

Fondly Men ſay, the VVorld doth move
By Loves Command; for ſimple Love,
Alaſs! is Subject unto Fate:
Oh Love! Aſſert thy Pow'r,
And make the Dotards, in an hour
Our Faces hate,
And the young Knights like Swans or Turtles prove.

The Second Song.

COme quickly Death,
And with thy fatal Dart,
Releaſe that Heart
That hath too long been thy great Rivals Slave:
Oh! ſtop that Breath
I languiſh out in pain;
Let me not Sigh in vain,
But quick and gently ſend me to my Grave.

For ſince that Swain
That I ſo dearly prize,
Doth ſcorn my Sighs,
And break thoſe Sacred Vows to me he gave;
I'le not complain of Mans Inconſtancie,
But humbly Beg of thee, with ſpeed and eaſe,
To ſend me to my Grave.

And Love I'le ſtill
Adore thy Deity,
And Worſhip thee:
If to my alter'd Shepherd thou'lt Relate,
Since 'twas his will, I ſhould not call him mine,
I freely can Reſign, and Die for him,
And glory in my Fate.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

The Play is damn'd; well, That we look'd to hear,
Yet Gentlemen, pray be not too ſevere.
Though now the Poet at your Mercy lies,
Fates wheel may turn, and ſhe may chance to riſe.
Though ſhe's an humble Suppliant now to you,
Yet time may come, that you to her may Sue.
Pardon ſmall Errors, be not too unkind,
For if you be, ſhe'l keep it in her mind;
The ſelf ſame uſage that you give her Play,
She'l copy back to you another day.
If you her Wit, or Plot, or Fancy blame,
VVhen you Addreſſes make, She'l do the ſame;
But if you'l Clap the Play, and Praiſe the Rime,
She'l do as much for you another time.

Welcome to *J. G.*

Thoſe that can tell Heaven's Joy, when News is brought
That ſome Poor Sinners dear Converſion's wrought,
Might tell our Raptur'd Extaſies, when we
Receiv'd the News, that you were come from Sea:
Each wore ſuch Looks, as viſibly expreſt (Breſt:
Some more than common Joy, ſate ſmiling in his
Great as your Friend's Joys, you will nothing find,
Unleſs the Grief of thoſe you left behind:
I can deſcribe my Joy for your Return
No more, then tell how I your Abſence Mourn:
Both are beyond the reach of words t'expreſs,
And to deſcribe them, wou'd but make them leſs:
The Bleſſing of young Heirs is mixt with Pain,
And by their Father's Deaths, Princes their Empires
If then all pleaſure, meets with ſome allay, (gain)
Forgive me, Deareſt *Strephon*, if I ſay,
I almoſt Grieve to think that thou canſt be
Six days in *London*, e're thou Viſit me.

Wealth's

Wealth's Power.

HOw Happy was the VVorld before men found
Those metals, Nature hid beneath the Ground;
All Necessary things She plac'd in View,
But this She wisely hid, because She knew
That it destructive to her work wou'd be,
And jarr the consort of her Harmony:
No sooner *Steel* was Found, but men began
To find new ways to Death, and cruel man
MadeSwords, and Spears, and Bows, and Darts, which
Firſt use'd on Beast —— (he
VVho fell the Victimes of his Cruelty:
Pride, and Revenge, then Rag'd in every Soul,
And Fiery Passion, Reason did controule.
But when those Mines we're found which we call rich,
Because their Glitt'ring Beauty did bewitch
And please our cousen'd Senses, then with more
Than mean devotion, man did Gold adore:

Deluded man did then this Trifle call
The chiefeſt Good, that cou'd to him befall:
How ſtrangely, Frantick man, didſt thou miſtake,
When of this traſh thou didſt an Idol make?
For tho to it thou did'ſt no Altars rear,
Its Zealous Votary thou didſt appear:
This fatal Poyſon was by Heaven hid
I'th bowels of the earth, and when it did
By chance, i'th' Heſperian Garden ſhoot above,
Heaven, (knowing how miſchievous it wou'd prove)
The paſſage did with watchful Dragons guard,
And made the way to miſery, more hard
To paſs, than that which lead to Bliſs:
But all in vain, for had Heaven hidden this
I'th' Verge of Hell, man wou'd have fetcht it thence,
And thought it a ſufficient Recompence
For all his pains; but when he had attain'd,
This much deſired Curſe, he thought he'd gain'd
A Bleſſing Heav'n wou'd Envy, blut alas!
The worth, not in the Metal, but his Fancy was.

No

No Man did needleſs Merit now regard,
None Vertue ſought, none Valour wou'd reward,
None Learning valu'd, none poor Wit did mind,
None honour'd Age, few were to Beauty kind;
All Gold ador'd, all Riches did Admire,
Beyond being Rich, no Man did now aſpire.
Gold thus Advanc'd, and all things elſe neglected,
Juſtice depos'd, and Wiſdom diſreſpected;
They left the Earth to Wealth's more pow'rful ſway,
And fled to Heaven, while Man did Gold obey:
Now Money reign'd in chief, and ſottiſh Man,
A ſlaviſh ſervitude to Wealth began;
Kingdomes to Rule, and Princes to Adviſe,
Men fondly choſe the Rich, and not the Wiſe;
All lov'd the Man that had a good Eſtate,
And Poverty was cauſe enough to Hate;
The Rich might all things do, and Plaudits have
For his worſt Acts, but ſcarce the Poor cou'd ſave
His beſt from Cenſure; now it might be ſaid,
Wealth hid more Faults, than ever Folly made.

A Friend, though heretofore a Sacred Name;
Now, nothing but an empty Sound became;
For as Mens Riches did or Ebb, or Flow,
So leſs or more, their Friends did kindneſs ſhow:
Honour, that flew ſuch noble Flights before,
VVith gen'rous Pinions, now no more cou'd ſoare
Such Hights, but check'd, to ſtoop did not diſdain
T'a gilded Lure, and ware a Golden Chain:
Beauty, that all Men did for Heavenly hold,
Forgot its worth, and ſold its ſelf for Gold:
Nay Love, though more Divine than all the reſt,
Became a Mercenary, or at beſt,
A mingled Compound of deſire and wealth,
If any's better, 't muſt be had by Stealth:
Marriage is Love and Joynture mixt together,
And yet ſometimes it happens that there's neither:
But VVit this glorious trifle did diſdain,
VVealth ſtrove to make it yield, but all in vain,
More noble Objects gen'rous VVit did chuſe
To employ its Thoughts, and did this Traſh refuſe.

VVealth

VVealth threatn'd VVit it ever shou'd be Poor,
Yet VVit the Golden Calf wou'd not adore;
So when both saw their Labour was in vain,
They vow'd to part, and never meet again.

Song.

1.

RAnging the Plain, one Summers Night,
To pass a vacant hour,
I fortunately chanc'd to light
On lovely *Phillis* bow'r:
The Nymph adorn'd with Thousand Charms
In expectation sate,
To meet such joys in *Strephon's* Armes,
As Tongue can ne're Relate

2.

Upon her hand She lean'd her Head,
Her Breasts did gently rise,
And every Lover might have read
Her wishes in her Eyes;

With

With every breath that mov'd the Trees,
She ſuddainly wou'd Start,
A Cold on all her Body ſeiz'd,
A Trembling on her Heart.

3.

But He that knew how well ſhe Lov'd,
Beyond his Hour had ſtaid,
Which both with Fear and Anger mov'd,
The Melancholick Maid,
You Gods ſhe ſaid! how oft he Swore,
He wou'd be hear by One;
And now, alas! 'Tis Six and more,
And yet He is not come.

Loves Cruelty, or the Prayer.

SPeak cruel Love! what is't thou doſt intend?
Oh! tell me, have thy Tyrannies no end?
Tho to thy Pow'r I have a Rebel bin,
May not Repentance expiate my Sin?
Oh! long e're this, if I had injur'd Heaven,
So true a Convert it wou'd have forgiven:
Four times the Sun his Yearly Race hath run,
Since firſt my Heart was by my Eyes undone;
In all which time, thou ſcarce haſt been ſo kind,
To give one Minutes Quiet to my mind;
Thou takeſt from me the Relliſh of Delights,
My Days no Pleaſure know, no Sleep my Nights:
With wandring thoughts each Pray'r thou doſt pro-
(I offer to my God) and mak'ſt them vain. (phane,
Sometimes with Books I wou'd divert my mind,
But nothing there but *J*'s and *G*'s I find:
Sometimes to eaſe my Grief, my Pen I take,
But it no Letters but *J G* will make.

I ſeek

I ſeek Diverſion in Company,
But my diſcourſe great Love, is all of Thee;
In Sighs and Sobs, I Languiſh out the Night
And all the day, in Tears I drown my Sight:
Yet I no pity can from thee obtain,
Thou'lt neither Cure, nor mitigate my Pain:
Mercyleſs Tyrant! Since thou wilt not Save,
Quickly Deſtroy, and ſend me to my Grave.

The Reply, by a Friend.

WHat Pray'r inceſſant, to my Ears does fly?
What proud Preſumption me of Tyranny
Accuſeth? can Love whoſe pow're is ſo Great,
Be taxed with Ingratitude, or Hate?
Fond Girle forbear, and know that your Diſpair
Is want of Courage, cou'd you once but dare
Your Victor, and my Vaſſal, you ſhou'd ſee,
How Heav'n wou'd puniſh his inconſtancy:
But while your Hope on his fond Vows relies,
And thinks Heaven minds thoſe little Perjuries,

You

You quit the greater Pow'r, that you may claime
By Beauty's Conqueſt, the loſs of it's your Shame:
When firſt to you he his Addreſſes made,
Smiles gave him Life, your frowns, ſtrike him Dead;
But Viper like, being in your Boſom warm'd,
And his chill'd Soul being into Action charm'd
By th' Influence of your Beams, he ſtraight denies
What gave his Love a Life, and from it flies;
From ſuch a Rebel, as from Plagues i'de run;
'Twixt Love and Hate, is no compariſon:
Nor is he worth your Anger, or your Scorn,
Do but forget that ever he was Born:
You can't believe the Gods would e're create
Ingratitude, that Quinteſſence of Hate.
Think him a *Spectrum*, that had only Shape
Without Subſtance, and Love did onely Ape,
Then reaſſume that Pow'r, that Nature's Law
Gives to your Sex; be Wiſe, keep Slaves in Awe:
Be generous in Love, Love not in vain,
'Tis baſe to Love, where we're not Lov'd again.

Celadon.

To *J. G.*

TEll me you Hate; and Flatter me no more:
By Heaven I do not wiſh you ſhou'd adore;
With humbler Bleſſings, I content can be,
I only beg, that you would pity me;
In as much Silence as I firſt deſign'd,
To bear the Raging Torture of my Mind;
For when your Eyes firſt made my Heart your Slave,
I thought t'have hid my Fetters in my Grave:
Heaven witneſs for me, that I ſtrove to hide
My violent Love, and my fond Eyes did chide
For glancing at thee; and my Bluſhes hid,
With as much care as ever Virgin did.
And though I languiſh'd in the greateſt pain
That e're deſpairing Lover did ſuſtain;
I ne're in publick did let fall a Tear,
Nor breath'd a Sigh i'th' reach of any Ear:

Yet

Yet I in private, drew no Breath but Sighs,
And Show'rs of Tears fell from my wretched Eyes:
The Lillies left my Front, the Roſe my Cheeks,
My Nights were ſpent in Sobs and ſuddain Shreeks,
I felt my ſtrength Inſenſibly decay'd,
And Death aproach; but ah! then you convey'd
Soft Am'rous tales into my liſtning Ears,
And gentle Vows, and well becoming Tears,
Then deeper Oaths, nor e're your Seige remov'd
'Till I confeſt my Flame, and own'd I lov'd:
Your kinder Smiles had rais'd my Flames ſo high,
That all at Diſtance might the Fire Diſcry,
I took no care my Paſſion to ſuppreſs,
Nor hide the Love I thought I did poſſeſs:
But ah! too late I find, your Love was ſuch
As Gallants pay in courſe, or ſcarce ſo much:
You Shun my ſight, you feed me with delays,
You ſlight, affront, a Thouſand ſeveral ways
You doe Torment with Study'd Cruelty,
And yet alternately you Flatter me.

Oh! if you Love not, plainly ſay you hate,
And give my Miſeries a ſhorter date,
'Tis kinder than to Linger out my Fate;
And yet I cou'd with leſs regret have Dy'd,
A Victime to your Coldneſs, than your Pride.

Song.

1.

BEneath a ſpreading Willows ſhade,
Ephelia, a harmleſs Maide,
Sate rifling Natures ſtore
Of every Sweet, with which ſhe made
A Garland for her *Strephons* Head
As Gay as ever Shepherd wore.

2.

She ſeem'd to know no other Care,
But wether Pinks, or Roſes there,
Or Lillys look'd moſt ſweet,

Scarce

Scarce thinking on her Faithleſs Swain,
VVho Ranging on the neighb'ring Plain,
A wanton Shepherdeſs did meet.

3.

But by Miſchance, he led her near
Th' Unlucky, Fatal Willow, where
His kind *Ephelia* ſate;
He told the Kindneſs that ſhe ſhow'd,
Boaſted the Favours ſhe beſtow'd,
And glory'd that he was ingrate.

4.

The Angry Nymph, did rudely tare
Her Garland firſt, and then her Hair,
To hear her Self abus'd:
Oh Love! (ſhe ſaid) is it the Fate
Of all that Love, to meet with Hate,
And be like me, unkindly us'd?

To my Rival.

SInce you dare Brave me, with a Rivals Name,
You ſhall prevail, and I will quit my Claime:
For know, proud Maid, I Scorn to call him mine,
Whome thou durſt ever hope to have made thine:
Yet I confeſs, I lov'd him once ſo well,
His preſence was my Heav'n, his abſence Hell:
With gen'rous excellence I fill'd his Breſt,
And in ſweet Beauteous Forms his Perſon dreſt;
For him I did Heaven, and its Pow'r deſpiſe,
And onely liv'd by th' Influence of his Eyes:
I fear'd not Rivals, for I thought that he
That was poſſeſs'd of ſuch a Prize as me,
All meaner Objects wou'd Contemn, and Slight,
Nor let an abject thing Uſurpe my Right:
But when I heard he was ſo wretched Baſe
To pay devotion to thy wrinkled Face
I Baniſht him my ſight, and told the Slave,
He had no Worth, but what my Fancy gave:

'Twas

'Twas I that raiſ'd him to this Glorious State,
And can as eaſily Annihilate:
But let him live, Branded with Guilt, and Shame,
And Shrink into the Shade from whence he came;
His Puniſhment ſhall be, the Loſs of Me,
And be Augmented, by his gaining Thee.

Neglect Returned.

PRoud *Strephon*! doe not think my Heart
So abſolute a Slave:
Nor in ſo mean a ſervile ſtate,
But if I ſay that you're Ingrate,
I've Pride, and Pow'r, enough, my Chains to Brave.

2.

I Scorn to Grieve, or Sigh for one,
That does my Tears Neglect;
If in your Looks you Coldneſs wear,
Or a deſire of Change Appear,
I can your Vows, your Love, and you Reject.

3.

What refin'd Madneſs wou'd it be,
VVith Tears to dim thoſe Eyes,
VVhoſe Rays, if Grief do not Rebate,
Each hour new Lovers might Create,
And with each Look, gain a more glorious Prize!

4.

Then do not think with Frowns to Fright,
Or Threaten me with Hate,
For I can be as cold as you,
Diſdain as much, as proudly too,
And break my Chain in ſpight of Love or Fate.

On a Baſhful Shepherd.

1.

YOung *Clovis*, by a lucky Chance,
His Lov'd *Ephelia* ſpy'd,
In ſuch a place, as might advance
His Courage, and abate her Pride:

VVith

VVith Eyes that might have told his Sute,
Although his baſhful Tongue was mute,
Upon her gazed he,
But the Coy Nymph, though in Surprize,
Upon the Ground fixing her Eyes,
The Language wou'd not ſee.

2.

VVith gentle Graſps he woo'd her Hand,
And ſigh'd in ſeeming Pain,
But this ſhe wou'd not underſtand,
His Signs were all in vain:
Then change of Bluſhes next he try'd,
And gave his Hand freedom to ſlide
Upon her panting Breſt;
Finding ſhe did not this controul,
Unto her Lips he gently ſtole,
And bid her gueſs the reſt.

3.

She bluſh'd, and turn'd her Head aſide,
And ſo much Anger feign'd,
That the poor Shepherd almoſt Dy'd,

And ſhe no Breath retain'd:
Her killing Frown ſo chill'd his Blood,
He like a ſenſeleſs Statue ſtood,
Nor further durſt he Woe,
And tho his Bleſſing was ſo near,
Check'd by his Modeſty and Fear,
He faintly let it goe.

Maidenhead:
Written at the Requeſt of a Friend.

AT your Intreaty, I at laſt have writ
This whimſey, that has nigh nonpluſt my wit:
The Toy I've long enjoyed, if it may
Be call'd t'Enjoy, a thing we wiſh away;
But yet no more its Character can give,
Than tell the Minutes that I have to Live;
'Tis a fantaſtick Ill, a loath'd Diſeaſe,
That can no Sex, no Age, no Perſon pleaſe:
Men ſtrive to gain it, but the way they chuſe
T'obtain their Wiſh, that and the Wiſh doth loſe;

Our

Our Thoughts are ſtill uneaſie, till we know
What 'tis, and why it is deſired ſo:
But th'firſt unhappy Knowledge that we boaſt,
Is that we know, the valu'd Trifle's loſt:
Thou dull Companion of our active Years,
That chill'ſt our warm Blood with thy frozen Fears:
How is it likely thou ſhou'dſt long endure,
When Thought it ſelf thy Ruin may procure?
Thou ſhort liv'd Tyrant, that Uſurp'ſt a Sway
O're Woman-kind, though none thy Pow'r obey,
Except th' Ill-natur'd, Ugly, Peeviſh, Proud,
And theſe indeed, thy Praiſes Sing aloud:
But what's the Reaſon they Obey ſo well?
Becauſe they want the Power to Rebell:
But I forget, or have my Subject loſt:
Alaſs! thy Being's Fancy at the moſt:
Though much deſired, 'tis but ſeldom Men
Court the vain Bleſſing from a Womans Pen.

The

The Reconcilement.

IF you Repent, can I forgive your Crime,
Except you Love again, and call you Mine:
What Queſtion's this? Ask ſome poor Slave if he
Will take again his former Liberty:
Some greedy Miſer ask, that Gold had loſt
If hee'l Receiv't again: one that is toſt
In a feirce Tempeſt, on the raging Main,
Ask if he wou'd be ſafe on Land again:
Ask the Diſeaſed, if they wou'd be Well
Or ask the Damn'd, if they wou'd leave their Hell:
But ask not me a Queſtion So Vain,
As, can you take my wandring Heart again.
No Conqu'ring *Hero* e're did Foes perſue
VVith half the Pleaſure, that I took in you;
No Youthful Monarch, of a Glit'ring Crown,
Or prating Coxcomb, of a Scarlet Gown
VVas half ſo proud, as I was of your Love;
Nor cou'd great *Juno*'s State my Envy move,

VVhile

VVhile in your Heart I thought I Reigned in chief.
Then *Strephon*, think, how killing was the Grief
That I ſuſtain'd, to find my Empire loſt,
And ſervile *Mopſa* of your Conqueſt boaſt:
None but a depoſ'd Monarch, made a Scorn
By the rude Slaves that were his Vaſſals born,
VVho while th' Imperial Circle grace'd his Brow,
At awfull diſtance, to his Feet did bow,
His Scepter ſnatch'd by an unworthy hand,
That late was proud to wait his leaſt command,
But now th'Inſulting wretch dares threat the Head
Of him, whoſe Frown but late cou'd look him dead,
Cou'd gueſs the horrid Tortures ſeiz'd my mind,
VVhen I perceiv'd you were to *Mopſa* kind:
That ill-look't Hag! who nere had guilty bin,
(No not in thought) of ſuch a dareing Sin,
Had you not broke the Solemne Faith you vow'd,
Made me a Scorn to the Ignoble Crow'd
Of vulgar Nymphs, who now dare loudly prate
Reviling tales, they durſt not think of late.

I did almoſt to Death this uſage Mourn,
Yet 'tis forgot i'th' Joy of your Return;
Your proofs of Penitence ſhall be but ſmall,
Look kind on me, and not on her at all.

Song.

1.

OBſcure the Glories of your Eyes,
Or give us leave to Love:
To ſee, and not deſire that Prize,
Impoſſible muſt prove:
Look not ſo nicely on your Slave,
That at your Feet doth bow,
When ſuch enticeing Looks you gave,
To tempt the Fool ſo low.

2.

Coy wanton Nymph, though you forbid
Your Slaves to ſeek Redreſs,
And force us keep our Torture hid,
Your Guilt is ne're the leſs.

It cannnot ſure be Pity found,
But barb'rous Cruelty,
VVhen you with Pleaſure give a VVound
So deep, you ſtart to ſee.

To a Lady who (tho Married) could not endure Love ſhould be made to any but her Self.

SAy, jealous *Phillida*, what Humour's this?
No Shepherd can beſtow a Smile or Kiſs
On any Nymph, but you muſt pout and vex:
Wou'd you Monopolize the Maſc'line Sex?
Is not the ſprightly *Damon*'s heart Your Prize,
Securely bound by *Hymens* Sacred ties?
Strephon and *Colon*, your Adorers are,
And baſhful *Cleon* does your Fetters wear:
Young *Coridon* did by your Beauty fall;
Inſatiate Nymph! wou'd you ingroſs them All?
Who doth not ſmile, to ſee what Pains you take
To watch our private Meetings, and to make

Cur

Our Amours publick? and if your liſt'ning Ear
By chance ſoft Amorous Diſcourſes hear,
Then raging Mad: with Jealouſie and Pride,
You curſe the Shepherds, and the Nymphs you chide.
But why thus Angry? if we entertain
The Heart and Love of ſome poor humble Swain,
VVho never his cheap Thoughts ſo high durſt lift,
As to preſent you with ſo mean a Gift;
What wrong have you? why ſhou'd you break your Reſt,
If they to us preſent a *Linnets* Neſt,
A Wreath of Flowers, or a Bunch of Grapes,
Filberts, or Strawberries, or the Roots of Rapes?
When Lambs and Kids, are daily offer'd you
By the great Swains, that for your favour ſue;
If any Shepherdeſs ſo bold dare be,
T'invade thy Right, or proudly Rival thee,
Th'had'ſt Reaſon for thy Anger; but while we
Content with what you ſlight and ſcorn can be,
Why ſhou'd you Envy, or diſturb our Joys?
Let us poſſeſs in Peace theſe little Toys.

ACROS-

ACROSTICH.

V ain Girl, thy Muſe to be more Modeſt teach;
E ndeavour not at things above thy Reach:
N o common Pen for this great Task is fit,
I t asks great *Dryden*'s, or ſweet *Cowley*'s Wit:
T' expreſs the Beauteous wonders of your Face,
I nimitable Colours, Features, Grace,
A ngelick Sweetneſs, and a charming State;

C ompounded ſweetly, on each Look doth wait:
O h, if my Fancy cou'd but reach your Worth,
O r find fit Epithets to ſet it forth,
K ings then to thy fair Eyes ſhou'd Homage pay,
E xpreſſing Thee more like the Gods than They.

SONG.

SONG.

1.

YOu wrong me *Strephon*, when you ſay,
I'me Jealous or Severe,
Did I not ſee you Kiſs and Play
With all you came a neer?
Say, did I ever Chide for this,
Or caſt one Jealous Eye
On the bold Nymphs, that ſnatch'd my Bliſs
While I ſtood wiſhing by?

2.

Yet though I never diſapprov'd
This modiſh Liberty;
I thought in them you only lov'd,
Change and Variety:
I vainly thought my Charms ſo ſtrong,
And you ſo much my Slave,
No Nymph had Pow'r to do me Wrong,
Or break the Chains I gave.

3.

But when you ſeriouſly Addreſs,
With all your winning Charms,
Unto a Servile Shepherdeſs,
I'le throw you from my Arms:
I'de rather chuſe you ſhou'd make Love
To every Face you ſee,
Then *Mopſa*'s dull Admirer prove,
And let Her Rival me.

ACROSTICH.

R areſt of Virgins, in whoſe Breaſt and Eyes,
A ll that is Vertuous and Lovely lies:
C ou'd I deſcribe but half thy Excellence,
H ow wou'd the Gods with ſpeed Bodies condenſe!
E ternity for Thee they wou'd deſpiſe,
L eave their Divine Abodes, new Shapes deviſe,
L ovelier than that which *Danaë* did ſurprize.

P roud if in any Form they thee cou'd pleaſe,
O r give to their Immortal Cares ſome eaſe;
W hen us, poor Mortals, with your Sight you bleſs,
N one can find words their wonder to expreſs;
E namouring and dazling with your Sight,
Y ou prove at once our Torture and Delight.

The

The Twin Flame.

FAntaſtick, wanton God, what do'ſt thou mean
To break my Reſt? make me grow pale and lean,
And offer Sighs, and yet not know to who,
Or what's more ſtrange, to ſigh at once for two.
Tyrant! Thou know'ſt I was thy Slave before,
And humbly did thy Deity Adore:
I lik'd, nay, doated on my *Strephon*'s Face,
And Sung his Praiſe, and thine in every place.
My Soul he ſingly ſway'd, alone poſſeſt
My Love, and reign'd ſole Monarch of my Breaſt:
Was not all this enough? but thou fond Boy,
Wanton with too much Pow'r, (thy Self t'employ)
Muſt in my Breaſt (oh! let it ne're be told)
Kindle new Flame, yet not put out the Old?
Young *Clovis* now, (though I oppoſe in vain)
Succeeds not *Strephon*, but doth with him Reign:

And I, though both I love, dare neither chooſe,
Leſt gaining one, I ſhou'd the other looſe:
Both Fires are equal great, Flame equal high,
Yet ſpight of this, a difference I deſcry;
One wild and raging, furiouſly Devours
My Peace, my Reſt, and all my pleaſant Hours;
The other mild and gentle, like thoſe Fires
That melt Perfumes, creates as ſweet deſires:
That doth with Violence to Paſſion tend,
This climbs no higher than the name of Friend.
Yes, greedy *Strephon*, you ſhall ever be
My only Love, and ſingly Reign o're me:
My Paſſion you ſhall Monopolize,
You've ſuch reſiſtleſs Magick in your Eyes.
Though *Clovis* Merits yours do far tranſcend,
Yet I'm your Lover, and but *Clovis* Friend;
Blindly I love you, yet too plain diſcover,
He'l prove a better Friend then you a Lover.
Accept ſweet *Clovis* of that little part
I can preſent of my unruly Heart.

Cou'd

Cou'd I command my Love, or know a way
My Stubborn, lawless Passion to sway,
My Love I wou'd not Parcel, nor bestow
A little Share, where more than all I owe:
This undeserving *Strephon* I wou'd teare
From my fond Breast, and place your Merit there:
But 'tis not in my Pow'r, some hidden Fate
Compels me love Him that I strive to Hate.
That Love we to our Prince or Parents pay,
I'le bear to you, and love an humble way:
I'le pay you Veneration for your Love,
And your Admirer, not your Mistress prove.
Oh! be contented with the Sacred Name
Of Friend, and an inviolable Flame
For you I will preserve, and the first place
Of all the few I with that Title grace:
And yet this Friendship doth so fast improve,
I dread, lest it in time shou'd grow to Love.

To a Proud Beauty.

IMperious Fool! think not becauſe you're Fair,
That you ſo much above my Converſe are:
VVhat though the Gallants ſing your Praiſes loud,
And with falſe Plaudits make you vainly Proud?
Tho they may tell you all Adore your Eyes,
And every Heart's your willing Sacrifice;
Or ſpin the Flatt'ry finer, and perſwade
Your eaſie Vanity, that we were made
For Foyles to make your Luſtre Shine more Bright,
And muſt pay Homage to your dazling Light;
Yet know what ever Stories they may tell,
All you can boaſt, is, to be pretty well:
Know too, you ſtately piece of Vanity,
That you are not Alone ador'd, for I
Fantaſtickly might mince, and ſmile, as well
As you, if Airy Praiſe my mind cou'd ſwell;

Nor

Nor are the loud Applauſes that I have,
For a fine Face, or things that Nature gave;
But for acquired Parts, a gen'rous Mind,
A pleaſing Converſe, neither Nice nor Kind:
When they that ſtrive to Praiſe you moſt, can ſay
No more, but that you're Handſome, brisk and gay:
Since then my Fame's as great as yours is, why
Should you behold me with a loathing Eye?
If you at me caſt a diſdainful Eye,
In biting Satyr I will Rage ſo high,
Thunder ſhall pleaſant be to what I'le write,
And you ſhall Tremble at my very Sight;
VVarn'd by your Danger, none ſhall dare again,
Provoke my Pen to write in ſuch a ſtrain.

SONG.

1.

BE Judge, dear *Strephon*, was it kind,
Through ev'ry ſenſe t' invade my Heart;
And when I had my Soul reſign'd,
To play a Cruel Tyrants part?

2.

Being your Slave, I'm not ſo vain
To hope to have one minutes Eaſe,
But ſhou'd take Pleaſure in my Pain,
If my Dear Conqu'rer it wou'd pleaſe.

3.

In Sighs, and Sobs, and Groans, and Tears,
And Languiſhment I paſs the Day,
My Reſt at Night is broke with Fears,
Yet you my Grief with Scorns repay.

4. But

4.

But Since you can ſo Cruel prove,
To mock the Suffrings you Create,
Triumph and Boaſt how much I Love,
I'le give your Mirth a ſpeedy Date,

5.

For know, Inſulter, I diſdain
To live to feed your Vanity;
My Blood ſhall waſh out that fond Stain,
My Honour got by loving Thee.

To

To one that asked me why I lov'd *J. G.*

WHy do I Love? go, ask the Glorious Sun
Why every day it round the world doth Run:
Ask *Thames* and *Tyber*, why they Ebb and Flow:
Ask Damask Roſes, why in *June* they blow:
Ask Ice and Hail, the reaſon, why they're Cold:
Decaying Beauties, why they will grow Old:
They'l tell thee, Fate, that every thing doth move,
Inforces them to this, and me to Love.
There is no Reaſon for our Love or Hate,
'Tis irreſiſtable, as Death or Fate;
'Tis not his Face; I've ſence enough to ſee,
That is not good, though doated on by me:
Nor is't his Tongue, that has this Conqueſt won;
For that at leaſt is equall'd by my own:

His

His Carriage can to none obliging be,
'Tis Rude, Affected, full of Vanity:
Strangely Ill-natur'd, Peeviſh, and Unkind,
Unconſtant, Falſe, to Jealouſie inclin'd;
His Temper cou'd not have ſo great a Pow'r,
'Tis mutable, and changes every hour:
Thoſe vigorous Years that Women ſo Adore,
Are paſt in him: he's twice my Age and more;
And yet I love this falſe, this worthleſs Man,
With all the Paſſion that a Woman can;
Doat on his Imperfections, though I ſpy
Nothing to Love; I Love, and know not why.
Sure 'tis Decreed in the dark Book of Fate,
That I ſhou'd Love, and he ſhou'd be ingrate.

Intended

Intended Farewel to *J. G.*

FArewel, Dear Love! may'ſt thou have in Exceſs,
Pleaſure, Delight, Content, and Happineſs:
Oh may thy Joys but equalize my Grief,
Thine great, above compare, as mine beyond Relief:
'Twere vain to wiſh Fate wou'd to thee be kind,
'Twere vain for thee to bribe the Sea or Wind,
'Twere vainer yet to fear a Storm or Fight,
Who know thy Worth, ſuch thoughts as theſe will (ſlight.
The Fates their Duty ſo well underſtand,
Without my Wiſh, they'l bring thee ſafe to Land;
Thy Merits and it's charge, Heaven ſo well knows,
'Twill guard thee, though unpray'd to, from thy foes,
If thou haſt any; But ſure no one can
Bear hatred to ſo Great, ſo Brave a Man.
But if by chance, thy Princes Enemie
Shou'd hope to make your Ship their Prize to be,

Tell

Tell the Brave Captain, that he need not fear
Their Force, though Strong, for if thou but appear,
With Awful Reverence they'l ſtrait Retire,
And hold it Impious one Gun to Fire:
Sav'd by thy Pow'r, they'l all acknowledge thee
The Guardian Angel of the Ship to be.

Mocked in Anger.

FArewel ungrateful Man, Sail to ſome Land,
Where Treach'ry and Ingratitude command;
There meet with all the Plagues that Man can bear,
And be as Wretched, as I'm Happy here.
'Twere vain to wiſh that Heav'n wou'd Puniſh thee;
'Twere vain to Invocate the Wind and Sea,
To fright thee with rude Storms, for ſurely Fate
Without a wiſh, will Puniſh the Ingrate
It's Juſtice and thy Crimes, Heaven ſo well knows,
That all it's Creatures it will make thy Foes:

(If

(If they're not so already) but none can
Love such a worthless, such a sordid Man;
And though we've now no publick Enemies,
And you're too strong for private Piracies,
Yet is the Vessel in more danger far,
Than when with all our Neighbours we had War:
For all that know what Guest it doth contain,
VVill strive to Fire or Sink it in the Main.
Plagu'd for thy sake, they all will reckon thee
The *Achan*, or Accursed thing to be.

A Lovers State.

UNthinking Fool! wrong not thy Reason so,
To fancy Pleasures in Loves Empire grow.
Alass! a Lovers state is full of Fears,
Their daily Entertainment, Sighs and Tears:
The Cruel god, in Tortures did delight,
And either Shoots at Rovers, or in Spight.

Amongst

Amongſt his numerous Slaves, you'l hardly find,
One pair of Lovers mutually kind;
Or if they be, thoſe mighty Bars of Fate,
Int'reſt and Friends, their Perſons ſeparate:
An am'rous Youth, here for a Lady Dies,
Offring his Heart a Tribute to her Eyes:
With thouſand Vows, which proudly ſhe Rejects,
Sighs for another that her Sighs neglects.
A beautious Nymph, whom Heaven and Nature made
To be by all Ador'd, by all Obey'd:
Though thouſand Victims ſigh beneath her Feet,
In all her Conqueſts can no Pleaſure meet:
But for ſome Sullen Youth, who proudly Flies,
Dreſſes her Cheeks in Tears, in languid looks her Eyes.
Here we ſhall Lovers find, poſſeſſing all
That by miſtake, we Joys and Pleaſures call;
And yet with Jealouſies and Idle fears,
Eclipſe 'em ſo, that ſcarce a Glimps appears.
Men are unconſtant, and delight to Range,
Not to gain Freedom, but their Fetters change:

And

And, what a Year they did with Paſſion ſeek,
Grows troubleſome, and nauſeous in a Week:
And the poor Lady, newly taught to Love,
With Grief and Horror, ſees her Man remove.
Wonder not then thou canſt no Pleaſure ſee,
But know thou ſeek'ſt it, where it cannot be.
Who vainly ſeeks for Joys in Love, as well
Might Quiet ſeek in Courts, and Eaſe in Hell.

A Vindication to angry *Clovis*.

DEar *Clovis*! can'ſt thou entertain one Thought
That I, who've with ſo many Hazards ſought
T'oblige and pleaſe Thee, now wou'd blot thy Name,
Or ſeek t'Eclipſe thy well deſerved Fame?
Shou'd but one word ſlip from my heedleſs Tongue,
Againſt that Vertue I've admired ſo long,
To expiate it's guilt, I'de in thy ſight,
The Impious Criminal in pieces bite.

Knew'ſt

Knew'ſt thou my thoughts, I then wou'd ſcorn to fear
The Envious Tales of any Whiſperer:
But ſince that Object is not in thy ken,
My Heart's true Effigiis take from my Pen;
In my Eſteem, thou haſt ſo high a Seat,
All I think of Thee's, Eminently great:
From thy ſweet Tongue, one word ne're ſlipt away,
That holy Prieſts, or Angels, might not ſay:
Thy Actions ſo juſt, and free from Blame,
Heaven by thy Life it's Sacred Laws might frame:
The ſcatter'd Vertues that all mankind Share,
In thy great ſelf alone united are:
Theſe are my thoughts of Thee, and while they flow
Thus pure, my Tongue can no foul language know:
Thoſe prophane Words cou'd never come from me,
For had'ſt thou Faults, I have no Eyes to ſee:
So faſt the Ties of ſacred Friendſhip bind,
That when I ſhou'd not ſee, I can be blind:
Thou know'ſt I can not wrong thee, if I wou'd;
And *Clovis* know, I wou'd not if I cou'd.

Laſt Farewel to *J. G.*

FArewell thou ſoft Seducer of my Eyes,
That, in Loves ſhape, did'ſt Cruelty diſguiſe,
No longer ſhall thy lovely Melting Charms
Bewitch my Soul, to pleaſe it's ſelf in Harms;
No more I'le ſhow'r down unregarded Tears;
No more I'le break my Reſt, with Am'rous Fears;
With Scorching Sighs, I'le blaſt my Lips no more,
No more thy Pity I'le in vain implore;
In Languiſhment, no more my Eyes I'le dreſs,
But reaſſume that Heart thou did'ſt poſſeſs;
For ſince the Gueſt thou wou'd'ſt not entertain,
It was but juſt, it ſhou'd return again:
Now 'tis my own again, with care, and Art
I'le guard each paſſage that leads to my Heart;
Love ſhall Reſign, and Reaſon ſhall command,
And Care and Wiſdome Sentinels ſhall ſtand:

My

My treachrous eyes, nor thy more treachrous tongue,
Shall not betray me as they've done too long:
Nor will I caſt one ſingle Thought on Thee,
Unleſs my Heart again Aſſaulted be;
Then I'le remind it of thy Cruelty:
And though the Headſtrong Paſſion ſhou'd prevaile
Againſt my Reaſon, yet this barb'rous Tale
Wou'd make the Rebel willingly Submit,
And change the Fever, to an Ague fit:
For who again wou'd venture on that Shore,
Where hee'd been ſplit and Shipwrackt once before.

The Unkind Parting.

LOvely Unkind! cou'd you ſo Cruel be
To leave the Land e're you took Leave of me?
Explain this myſtick Act, and let me know
Whether it doth your Hate, or Kindneſs ſhow:
Lov'd you too well my Parting ſighs to hear?
Or wanted Strength my kinder Tears to bear?

Or were you Tend'rer yet, and did decline
A ſolemn Leave, not for your Sake, but mine?
Leſt my kind Heart o're charg'd with too much Grief,
Shou'd with my Farewell-ſighs breath out my Life.
Or was it (how the very Thought doe's fright!)
To ſhow with how much Contempt you cou'd ſlight?
Or did you love ſo little, that no Thought
Of poor *Ephelia* to your mind was brought?
No, no, 'twas none of theſe; I gueſs thy mind:
Strephon! thou knew'ſt I was ſo fondly kind,
That at the News of Parting, into Tears
I ſtrait had melted, Thouſand Am'rous Fears
I had Suggeſted to my ſelf, and you
In Complaiſance muſt needs have done ſo too:
You muſt have told how loth you were to part,
And vow'd that tho you went, I kept your Heart;
Omitted nothing tender Love cou'd ſhew,
From my pale Cheeks have kiſt the Pearly Dew;
Spoke all the tender'ſt things you cou'd deviſe,
And to the old added new Perjuries;

Vow'd

Vow'd Conſtancy in Abſence, and then Swear,
A quick Return ſhou'd diſſipate my Fear:
All of theſe pleaſing Vanities, you knew,
A declar'd Lover was oblig'd to doe:
But to this trouble you wou'd not be brought,
But ſtole in ſilence hence; yet tho you thought
This Tale too long, and troubleſome to tell,
You might have graſp'd my hand, and ſaid Farewel;
At which dire Words, ſuch Conſternation wou'd
Have ſeiz'd my Soul, I ſenſeleſs ſhou'd have ſtood
Till you beyond a Sigh's faint Call had fled;
Nay, till *Tangiere*, you'd near recovered:
This way, my Kindneſs cou'd not tireſome be,
Nor your Neglect wou'd not have troubled me.

Seeing *Strephon* Ride by after him I ſuppoſed gone.

STay lovely Youth! do not ſo ſwiftly fly
From her your Speed muſt cauſe as quick to die:
Each ſtep you take, hales me a ſtep more near
To the cold Grave: (nor is't an idle Fear)
For know, my Soul to you is chained faſt,
And if you make ſuch cruel, fatal haſt,
Muſt quit it's Seat, and be ſo far unkind,
To leave my fainting, breathleſs Trunk behind:
Your Sight unthought of, did ſo much ſurpriſe,
You might have ſeen my Soul danc'd in my Eyes;
But the cold Look you gave in paſſing by,
Froze my warm Blood, and taught my Hopes to die:
When you were paſt, my Spirits ſoon did fail,
My Limbs grew ſtiff and cold, my Face grew pale:
My Heart did Pant, ſcarce cou'd I fetch my Breath,
In every part nothing appear'd but Death:

Yet

Yet did my Eyes perſue your cruel Flight,
Nor ever mov'd, 'till you were out of Sight:
But then, alas, it cannot be expreſt,
I faint, I faint, my Death ſhall tell the reſt.

SONG.

1.

KNow, *Celadon*! in vain you uſe
Theſe little Arts to me:
Though *Strephon* did my Heart refuſe,
I cannot give it thee:
His harſh Refuſal hath not brought
It's Value yet ſo low,
That what was worth that Shepherds Thoughts,
I ſhou'd on You beſtow.

2.

Nor can I love my *Strephon* leſs,
For his ungrateful Pride,
Though Honour does, I muſt confeſs,
My guilty Paſſion chide.

That lovely Youth I ſtill adore,
Though now it be in vain;
But yet of him, I ask no more
Than Pity for my Pain.

To Madam *Bhen.*

MAdam! permit a Muſe, that has been long
Silent with wonder, now to find a Tongue;
Forgive that Zeal I can no longer hide,
And pardon a neceſſitated Pride.
VVhen firſt your ſtrenuous polite Lines I read,
At once it Wonder and Amazement bred,
To ſee ſuch things flow from a Womans Pen,
As might be Envy'd by the wittieſt Men:
You write ſo ſweetly, that at once you move,
The Ladies Jealouſies, and Gallant's Love;
Paſſions ſo gentle, and ſo well expreſt,
As needs muſt be the ſame fill your own Breaſt;

Then

Then Rough again, as your Inchanting Quill
Commanded Love, or Anger at your Will:
As in your Self, ſo in your Verſes meet,
A rare connexion of Strong and Sweet;
This I admir'd at, and my Pride to ſhow,
Have took the Vanity to tell you ſo
In humble Verſe, that has the Luck to pleaſe
Some Ruſtick Swains, or ſilly Shepherdeſs:
But far unfit to reach your Sacred Ears,
Or ſtand your Judgment: Oh! my conſcious Fears
Check my Preſumption, yet I muſt go on,
And finiſh the raſh Task I have begun.
Condemn it Madam, if you pleaſe, to th' Fire,
It gladly will your Sacrifice expire,
As ſent by one, that rather choſe to ſhew
Her want of Skill, than want of Zeal to you.

SONG.

SONG.

1.

When Buſie Fame, o're all the Plain
Phylena's Praiſes rung,
And on their Oaten Pipes, each Swain
Her Matchleſs Beauty ſung:
The Envious Nymphs were forc'd to yield,
She had the ſweeteſt Face;
No Emulous Diſputes they held,
But for the ſecond Place.

2.

Young *Celadon* (whoſe ſtubborn Heart
No Beauty e're cou'd move,
But ſmil'd to hear of Bow and Dart,
And brav'd the God of Love:)
Wou'd view this Nymph, and pleas'd at firſt
Such Silent Charmes to ſee,
VVith wonder Gaz'd, then Sigh'd, and Curſt
His Curioſity.

To

To a Gentleman that had left a Vertuous Lady for a Miss.

DUll Animal miscall'd a Man, for Shame
Give o're your foolish tales of Fire and Flame:
The Nymphs abhor you, and your Stories hate,
Count you a Monster, barb'rously Ingrate:
Your fine sweet Face, in which such Pride you take,
Th' exactness of your clever, easie Make;
Your Charming Meen, bewitching Tongue, nor yet
The fancied Greatness of your boasted Wit,
Can now the meanest Nymph to Pity move,
Though once they taught the great *Phylena* Love:
Phylena, Glory of the *Surrey*-Plain,
The envy'd Wish of every hopeless Swain, (brought
Whose Artless Charms, the Proud and Great had
Upon their Knees, th' Old and Morose had taught

How

How to Languiſh, and they that durſt not ſhow
They were her Lovers, ſilently were ſo:
But you alone, did of her Conqueſt boaſt,
In that one Prize all Natures Wealth engroſs't:
But your inſipid Dulneſs found more Charms,
More Pleaſure in the wanton *Flora*'s Armes;
With Her you paſt your hours in idle Prate,
While poor *Phylena* unregarded ſate:
Kind heart! She wept; and gently She Reprov'd
Your ſtrange Ingratitude, told you, you lov'd
A Shepherdeſs that had a ſickly Fame,
And wou'd bring Infamy upon your Name.
Who can believe? With unheard Impudence
You own'd your Crime, and urg'd in your defence,
The Nymph ſung charmingly, was very Witty,
Gay, Brisk, had Teeth; oh! infinitely Pretty:
Ingenious Lime-twigs, to catch Woodcocks on,
Pretty Ingredients to Dote upon!
Can you prefer theſe trivial Toys, that are
As common as their Owner, to the rare

Perfecti-

Perfections dwell in your *Phylena*'s Breaſt,
Things too Divinely Great to be expreſt?
Her Vertues, though her Beauty ſhou'd decay,
Might Charm the World, and make Mankind obey.
Degen'rous Man! break this ignoble Chain,
That dims your Luſtre, does your Honour ſtain;
Or you'l be judg'd for all your vain Pretences,
Not only to have loſt your Wits, but Sences.

SONG.

1.

EPhelia, while her Flocks were fair,
Was ſought by ev'ry Swain,
The Shepherds knew no other care,
Than how her Love to gain:
In Rural Gifts, they vainly ſtrove
Each other to Out-vie,
Fondly imagining her Love
They might with Preſents buy.

But

2

But ſhe did every Gift deſpiſe,
And ev'ry Shepherd hate,
Till *Strephon* came, whoſe Killing Eyes
Was ev'ry Womans Fate:
A while, alas! She vainly ſtrove
The Bleeding Wound to hide,
But ſoon with Pain cry'd out, I Love,
In ſpight of all my Pride.

3.

The Wolves might now at pleaſure Prey,
On her defenceleſs Sheep;
Her Lambs o're all the Plain did ſtray,
None in the Fold would keep;
But ſhe regardleſs of theſe Harms,
In Paſtimes ſpent the Day,
Or in her faithleſs *Strephons* Arms,
Diſſolv'd in Pleaſures lay.

4.

But as Her num'rous Flocks decay'd
His Paſſion did ſo too,
Till for a Smile the eaſie Maid
Was forc'd with Tears to woe:
But being Shrunk from few to none,
He left the Nymph forlorn,
Derided now by every one,
That ſhe did lately ſcorn.

Fortune Miſtaken.

THough Fortune have ſo far from me remov'd,
All that I wiſh, or all I ever lov'd,
And Rob'd our *Europe* of its chief Delight,
To bleſs the *Africk* world with *Strephons* Sight:
There with a Lady Beauteous, Rich, and Young,
Kind, Witty, Vertuous, the beſt Born among
The *Africk* Maids, preſents this happy Swain,
Not to oblige Him, but to give Me Pain:

Then

Then to my Ears, by tattling Fame, conveys
The Tale with large Additions; and to raiſe
My Anger higher, tells me 'tis deſign'd,
That *Hymens* Rites, their hands and hearts muſt bind:
Now She believes my Buſineſs done, and I
At the dire News wou'd fetch a Sigh, and Die:
But She's deceiv'd, I in my *Strephon* grow,
And if he's happy, I muſt needs be ſo:
Or if Fate cou'd our Intereſts disjoyn,
At his good Fortune I ſhou'd ne're Repine,
Though 'twere my Ruin; but I exulte to hear,
Inſulting *Mopſa* I no more ſhall fear;
No more he'l ſmile upon that ugly Witch:
In that one Thought, I'm Happy, Great, and Rich;
And blind Dame Fortune, meaning to Deſtroy,
Has fill'd my Soul with Extaſies of Joy:
To Him I love, She's given a happy Fate,
And quite deſtroy'd and ruin'd Her I hate.

To *J. G.* on the News of his Marriage.

MY Love? alas! I muſt not call you Mine,
But to your envy'd Bride that Name reſign:
I muſt forget your lovely melting Charms,
And be for ever Baniſht from your Arms:
For ever? oh! the Horror of that Sound!
It gives my bleeding Heart a deadly wound:
VVhile I might hope, although my Hope was vain,
It gave ſome Eaſe to my unpitty'd Pain,
But now your *Hymen* doth all Hope exclude,
And but to think is Sin; yet you intrude
On every Thought; if I but cloſe my Eyes,
Methinks your pleaſing Form beſides me lies;
VVith every Sigh I gently breath your Name,
Yet no ill Thoughts pollute my hallow'd Flame;

'Tis pure and harmleſs, as a Lambent Fire,
And never mingled with a warm Deſire:
All I have now to ask of Bounteous Heaven,
Is, that your Perjuries may be forgiven:
That She who you have with your Nuptials bleſt,
As She's the Happieſt VVife, may prove the Beſt:
That all our Joys may light on you alone,
Then I can be contented to have none:
And never wiſh that you ſhou'd Kinder be,
Than now and then, to caſt a Thought on Me:
And, Madam, though the Conqueſt you have won,
Over my *Strephon*, has my hopes undone;
I'le daily beg of Heaven, he may be
Kinder to You, than he has been to Me.

To

To *Damon.*

Gay Fop! that know'ſt no higher Flights than Senſe,
What was it gave thee ſo much Impudence,
T' attempt the violation of a Shrine,
That lodg'd a Soul ſo Sacred, ſo Divine?
Her lovely Face might teach thee to Adore,
But cou'd not tempt thee to a looſe Amour:
Such charming goodneſs in her Eyes appear,
Might ſtrike a Satyr with an awful Fear;
But thou, leſs humane, and more wild than they,
Thy impious Paſſion durſt before her lay:
Sweet Innocence, how ſhe amazed ſtood,
To hear ſuch Tales, how her affrighted blood
Fluſh'd in her Face, and then recoyl'd again,
To hear diſcourſe ſo horridly Prophane!
She look'd ſuch things might teach thee to deſpair,
Diſſolve thy Being, fright thee into Air:

But thy unparʼllelʼd boldneſs durſt deſpiſe
The Sacred Lightning that flaſht from her Eyes;
And by a ſecond Guilt, durſt tempt her Tongue
To thunder Vengeance on thee, for her Wrong.
Impious Criminal! for this Offence,
Heaven hardly will accept of Penitence:
In tempting of her Vertue, know that you
Have done more than the Devil darʼd to do:
Audacious Villain! ſure, thou next wilʼt try
Depoſing of thy Godʼ, to rule the Sky:
That Action hardly can more wicked be,
Than what already hath been done by Thee.
If eʼre again thy Crime thou doʼſt repeat,
Expect thy Ruine to be quick, and great.
With Thunder-bolts thou ſhalt be cruſhʼd to Hell,
There with the Devils, and the Damnʼd to dwell:
While that bright Maid, that thou wouldʼſt have
Shall be by Angels lovʼd, by Men obeyʼd. (betraid,

To

To *Phylocles*, inviting him to Friendſhip.

1.

BEſt of thy Sex! if Sacred Friendſhip can
Dwell in the Boſom of inconſtant Man;
As cold, and cleat as Ice, as Snow unſtain'd,
With Love's looſe Crimes unſully'd, unprophan'd.

2

Or you a Woman, with that Name dare truſt,
And think to Friendſhip's Ties, we can't be juſt;
In a ſtrict League, together we'l combine,
And Friendſhip's bright Example ſhine.

3.

We will forget the Difference of Sex,
Nor ſhall the World's rude Cenſure us Perplex:
Think Me all Man: my Soul is Maſculine,
And Capable of as great Things as Thine.

4.

I can be Gen'rous, Juſt, and Brave,
Secret, and Silent, as the Grave;
And if I cannot yield Relief,
I'le Sympathize in all thy Grief.

5.

I will not have a Thought from thee I'le hide,
In all my Actions, Thou ſhalt be my Guide;
In every Joy of mine, Thou ſhalt have ſhare,
And I will bear a part in all thy Care.

6.

Why do I vainly Talk of what we'l do?
We'l mix our Souls, you ſhall be Me, I You;
And both ſo one, it ſhall be hard to ſay,
Which is *Phyloeles*, which *Ephelia*.

7.

Our Ties ſhall be ſtrong as the Chains of Fate,
Conqu'rors, and Kings our Joys ſhall Emulate;
Forgotten Friendſhip, held at firſt Divine,
T' it's native Purity we will refine.

To the Honoured *Eugenia*, commanding me to Write to Her.

FAir Excellence! ſuch ſtrange Commands you lay,
I neither dare Diſpute, nor can Obey:
Had I the ſweet *Orinda*'s happy Strain,
Yet every Line would Sacriledge contain:
Like to ſome awful Deity you ſit,
At once the Terrour and Delight of Wit:
Your Soul appears in ſuch a charming Dreſs
As I admire, but never can expreſs:
Heav'n that to others had giv'n ſev'ral Graces,
Some noble Souls, ſome Wit, ſome lovely Faces:
Finding the World did every one Admire,
Reſolv'd to raiſe their Admiration higher:
And in one Piece, every Perfection croud,
So fram'd your Self, and of it's work grew Proud:

Each Riſing Sun ſaw you more Good, more Fair;
As you alone took up all Heaven's Care:
Such awful Charms do in your Face appear,
As fill Man-kind at once with Love and Fear.
VVho hear you Speak, muſt take your Tongue to be
The firſt Original of Harmony:
Your Meen hath ſuch a Stately Charming Air,
As without Heralds doth your Birth declare:
Your Soul ſo Noble, yet from Pride ſo free,
That 'tis the Pattern of Humility.
Elſe I had never dar'd to give one Line
To your fair Hand, ſo Impolite as Mine.
Pardon, dear Madam, theſe untuned Lays,
That have Prophan'd what I deſign'd to Praiſe,
Nor is't poſſible, but I ſo muſt do,
All I can think falls ſo much ſhort of you:
And Heaven as well with Man might angry be,
For not deſcribing of the Deity,
In its full height of Excellence, as you
Quarrel with them that give you not your Due.

To the Beauteous *Marina*.

1.

NAture that had been long by Art out-done,
Reſolved a Piéce to frame;
So Beauteous, that ſawcy Art ſhou'd own,
She was quite vanquiſhed, and o're-thrown:
And all her mended Faces, after came.
In this Reſolve, your lovely Self ſhe made,
And laviſh of her Graces,
Out-did her ſelf, exhauſted all her *S*tore
Of ev'ry *S*weet, till ſhe cou'd give no more;
Bankrupt for ever, to all other Faces.
In Infancy all did the Bud admire,
But when full Blown, it rais'd our Wonder higher,
And Admiration grew into Deſire,

2. VVhen

2.

When with your Sight the Change you bleſs,
Or walk the open Street,
A thouſand Tongues your Praiſe expreſs,
While dying Eyes aloud confeſs,
You have a Captive in each Man you meet.
When baſhful *Clovis* chanc'd to ſpy
Your killing Face, with mine,
So much you charm'd that Shepherds Eye,
That my faint Lights he did deſpiſe;
And look'd as I my Empire muſt reſign:
Though his each Look, I challenge as my Due,
He ſcarce gave one; his Eyes no motion knew;
But fixt as the dull Earth, with Wonder gaz'd on you.

Paſſion diſcovered.

I Thought, I'le Swear, that I could freely part,
With the ſmall Theft I'de made of *Clovis* Heart.
'Tis true, of Him I ſtill had in my Breaſt
Some buſie Thoughts, that did diſturb my Reſt;
Yet like wild Paſſion it did not ſeem,
But lookt like Friendſhip, or at moſt, Eſteem.
I thought his Heart was a too glorious Prize,
To be a Trophy to my twylight Eyes;
And when with Sighs he has his Paſſion ſhow'd,
A thouſand times I've wiſht, it were beſtow'd
On ſweet *Marrina*; thinking none beſide,
Had Worth enough, to be young *Clovis* Bride:
And beg'd of Love, that he would give her leave;
He ſmil'd to ſee me thus my Self deceive:

Fancying

Fancying that lazy Friendſhip, that (alas!)
Too late I found an active Paſſion was:
To undeceive me, brought that *Shepherd*, where
I, and *Marrina* both together were:
The Swain ſurpriz'd, to me did hardly lend
A ſquinting Glance; but to my Beauteous Friend,
Fierce VViſhing-looks from dying Eyes did ſend.
I turn'd my Head, and ſigh'd at the Diſgrace,
VVhile Love and Jealouſie rag'd in my Face:
Love laught out-right to ſee my Diſcontent;
Now Fool (ſaid ſhe) thy fatal Pray'rs repent.
Malicious God (quoth I) ſo much above
My Self or Intereſt, I *Clovis* love, (were
That ſtill I wiſh, that lovely Nymph and he united
But wiſh not now the Killing-news to hear.

To *Coridon*, on ſhutting his Door againſt ſome Ladies.

COnceited Coxcomb! tho' I was ſo kind
To wiſh to ſee you, think not I deſign'd
To force my ſelf to your unwilling Arms,
Your Converſation has no ſuch Charms:
Think leſs, thoſe lovely Virgins were with me,
VVou'd thruſt themſelves into your Company;
They've Crowds of Gallants, for their Favours ſue,
And to be Careſs'd, need not come to you:
'Gainſt handſom VVomen rudely ſhut your Dore!
Had it been *S*erjeants, you cou'd do no more:
Faith, we expected with a horrid yelp,
Out of the VVindow you'd have cry'd, help! help!

VVhat

What Outrage have you offer'd to our Sex?
That you ſhould dread we came but to perplex:
Or ſince I ſaw you laſt, what have I done,
Might cauſe ſo ſtrange an Alteration?
Till now, your wiſhing Eyes have at my Sight,
Spoke you all Rapture, Extaſie, Delight:
But at the Change, I have a Critick gueſs,
So much of Friendſhip to me you profeſs,
More than your lazy Tongue can e're expreſs;
And your performance hath been ſo much leſs:
That Debtor-like, you dare not meet my Eyes,
Which was the reaſon of your late Surprize.
I'le tell you, Sir, your kindneſs to requite
A loving Secret, meerly out of ſpight:
A Secret four and twenty Moons I've kept,
I've ſigh'd in private, and in private wept;
And all for You: but yet ſo much my Pride
Surmounts my Paſſion, that now were I try'd,
And th'Heart ſo long I've wiſht for, proſtrate lay
Before my Feet, I'de ſpurn the Toy away:

And

And tho, perhaps, I wiſh as much as you,
I'le ſtarve my Self, ſo I may ſtarve You too:
And for a Curſe, wiſh you may never find
An open Door, nor Woman when ſhe's kind.

My Fate.

OH cruel Fate, when wilt thou weary be?
VVhen ſatisfied with tormenting me?
VVhat have I e're deſign'd, but thou haſt croſt?
All that I wiſht to gain by Thee, I've loſt:
From my firſt Infancy, thy Spight thou'ſt ſhown,
And from my Cradle, I've thy Malice known;
Thou ſnatch'ſt my Parents in their tender Age,
Made me a Victim to the furious Rage
Of cruel Fortune, as ſevere as thee;
Yet I reſolv'd to brave my Deſtiny,
And did, with more than Female Conſtancy.

Not

Not all thy Malice cou'd extort a Tear,
Nor all thy Rage cou'd ever teach me Fear:
Still as thy Pow'r diminiſht my Eſtate,
My Fortitude did my Deſires abate;
In every ſtate I thought my Mind content,
And wiſely did thy croſs Deſigns prevent:
Seeing thy Plots did unſucceſsful prove,
As a ſure Torment next, thou taught'ſt me Love:
But here thou wer't deceiv'd too, for my Swain
As ſoon as he perceiv'd, pity'd my Pain:
He met my Paſſion with an equal Fire,
Both ſweetly languiſht in a ſoft Deſire:
Claſpt in each other's Arms we ſate all Day,
Each Smile I gave, he'd with a Kiſs repay:
In every Hour an Ages Bliſs we reap'd,
And laviſh Favours on each other heap'd.
Now ſure (thought I) Deſtiny doth relent,
And her inſatiate Tyranny repent:
But how miſtaken! how deceiv'd was I!
Alas! She onely rais'd my Hopes thus high,

To

To cast me down with greater Violence;
For midst our Joys, she snatch'd my *Shepherd* hence
To *Africa*: yet tho' I was neglected,
I bore it better than could be expected:
VVithout Regret, I let him cross the *Sea*,
VVhen I was told it for his Good wou'd be;
But when I heard the Nuptial Knot he'd ty'd,
And made an *Afric* Nymph his happy Bride:
My Temper then I could no longer hold,
I curs'd my Fate, I curs'd the Pow'r of Gold;
I curs'd the Easiness believ'd at first,
And (Heaven forgive me) Him I almost curs'd.
Hearing my Loss, to him was mighty Gain;
I check'd my Rage, and soon grew Calm again:
Malicious Fate, seeing this wou'd not do,
Made *Strephon* wretched, to make me so too.
Of all her Plagues, this was the weightiest Stroke,
This Blow, my resolv'd Heart hath almost broke:
Yet, spight of Fate, this Comfort I've in store,
She's no room left for any Ill thing more,

To One that Affronted the Excellent *Eugenia*.

THing, call'd a Man! Ambition cheats thy Senſe,
Or, thou'rt deceiv'd with too much Impudence;
To think that Divine Creature you purſue,
Can be deſerv'd, or merited by you:
Dare not to be ſo Impiouſly Rude,
To tax ſuch Goodneſs with Ingratitude;
One Smile from her will more Obligements pay,
Than ſhoud'ſt thou live ten Ages, thou coud'ſt lay.
Thou talk of Obligations! that wer't fram'd
To make proud man of his own Sex aſham'd:
When in his greateſt Pride, he caſt an Eye,
On thy ill Manners and Deformity;
He'l hate himſelf, and rather wiſh to be
An Aſs, or Owl, than ſuch a thing as thee.

Dar'ſt

Dar'ſt thou affront Her thou pretend'ſt t'adore?
That Heavenly Mortal, if ſhe be no more;
Becauſe to them better deſerv'd it, ſhe
Shew'd more reſpect, and more Civility?
You rudely muſt Invite her to expoſe
Thoſe God-like Men, unto your barb'rous Blows;
She will not do't; not that thy Arm ſhe fears,
Or thinks thy Valour more refin'd than theirs:
Tho' in their Glory ſhe deſigns no ſhare,
Yet of their Honour ſhe takes too much care,
To let 'em Fight a deſpicable Thing,
That when they've Conquer'd, can no Trophy bring.
Know, Fool too; thee ſhe does too much contemn,
To let thee boaſt thou ever Fought'ſt with them.
To vex thee, they her Favourites ſhall be,
And make their Court ſtill in abuſing thee:
Abuſing thee! what have I vainly ſed?
What Nonſence unawares I've uttered!
The harſheſt *Satyr* that we can invent,
Is *Panegyrick*, when of Thee 'tis meant.

All my Invention cannot reach a Curſe,
For whatſoe're I think, ſtill thou art worſe;
Yet I'le endeavour at One: Be't thy Fate
To live the Object of *Eugenia*'s Hate.

To *Clovis*, deſiring me to bring Him into *Marina*'s Company.

CHarming Inſulter! ſure you might have choſe
Some eaſier way than this you now propoſe,
To try the boundleſs Friendſhip I profeſs;
For if Fate can, this Task will make it leſs.
Clovis, believe; if any Thing there is
I can deny your Merit, it is this:
If I had Rocks of Diamonds, Mines of Oare,
Engroſs'd the Pearls upon the Eaſtern-ſhore;

VVith as much Joy, I'de lay'em at your Feet,
As Youthful Monarchs in new Empires meet.
Cou'd you be Happy by my Miſery,
In any ſhape but this, I'de wretched be:
VVith ev'ry other Wiſh I wou'd comply,
But bright *Marina*'s Sight I muſt deny:
That Gift's too prodigal; I'de rather part
With Life its ſelf, and give my bleeding Heart:
For I with Bluſhes own, that Sacred Fire
Once rul'd my Breaſt, degenerate to deſire.
I thought it Friendſhip; Swore it ſhou'd be ſo,
Yet ſpight of Me, it wou'd to Paſſion grow.
When to this worthleſs Heart, you did addreſs,
With all the Marks that Paſſion cou'd expreſs;
On my ſoft Neck your Penſive Head wou'd lay,
And Sigh, and Vow, and Kiſs the Hours away.
Your Tears, and languiſh'd Looks I did neglect,
And wou'd not Love, yet highly did Reſpect;
Thought you the beſt of Men, and counſel'd you,
To turn your Paſſion into Friendſhip too:

Told you, my Heart was cruel *Strephon*'s Prize,
His devout, tho neglected Sacrifice:
Wou'd often talk of ſweet *Marina*'s Charms,
And oft'ner wiſh her lodg'd in your dear Arms.
Ah, fatal Wiſh! ye Gods! why ſhou'd you mind
The fooliſh Wiſhes made by Woman-kind?
I ev'ry hour ſaw *Strephon*'s Love decay;
And *Clovis* more Endear'd me every day.
Why at ſo vaſt a Rate ſhou'd he Oblige?
Or, why ſo ſoon ſhou'd he remove his Siege?
That Hour that Mine began, Your Love did end,
You took my Counſel and became my Friend:
And by thoſe Ties, did earneſtly requeſt,
That I wou'd make *Marina*'s Heart your Gueſt.
Oh, cruel Task! you Deſtinies, am I
In my own Ruine made a Property?
Yet want the Pow'r the Treaſon to deny?
Yes; tho this piece of knotty Friendſhip be
Hard in its ſelf, and harder far to me;

I'le

I'le try, and in th' Attempt ſuch Vigor ſhow,
I'le make her Yours, tho Fate it ſelf ſay no:
I'le tell your Merits in ſuch ſoft, ſmooth Strains,
Shall leave a Thrilling Pleaſure in her Veins;
And when my Tongue no ſweeter Words can find,
I'le look, as there were ten times more behind.
Then ſpeak again; nor leave her till I ſpy
She is Inthrall'd, and loves as much as I.
Then I'le preſent you with this Beauteous Slave,
The greateſt Gift a Lover ever gave:
And when you cannot wiſh happier to grow,
Then think with how much Pain I made you ſo.

In the Perſon of a Lady to *Bajazet*, Her unconſtant Gallant.

HOw far are they deceiv'd, that hope in vain
A laſting Leaſe of Joys from Love t'obtain?
All the Dear Sweets we're promiſs'd, or expect,
After Enjoyment turn to cold Neglect:
Cou'd Love a conſtant Happineſs have known,
That Mighty Wonder had in Me been ſhown;
Our Paſſions were ſo favoured by Fate,
As if ſhe meant them an Eternal Date:
So kind he look'd, ſuch tender Words he ſpoke,
'Twas paſt Belief ſuch Vows ſhou'd e're be broke:
Fix'd on my Eyes, how often wou'd he ſay,
He cou'd with Pleaſure gaze an Age away.
When Thought, too great for Words, had made him mute,
In Kiſſes he wou'd tell my Hand his Sute:

So

So ſtrong his Paſſion was, ſo far above
The common Gallantries that paſs for Love:
At worſt, I thought, if he unkind ſhou'd prove,
His ebbing Paſſion wou'd be kinder far,
Than the Firſt Tranſports of all others are:
Nor was my Love weaker, or leſs than his;
In him I center'd all my hopes of Bliſs:
For him, my Duty to my Friends forgot;
For him I loſt----alas! what loſt I not?
Fame, all the Valuable Things of Life,
To meet his Love by a leſs Name than Wife.
How happy was I then! how dearly bleſt!
VVhen this Great Man lay panting on my Breaſt,
Looking ſuch Things as ne're can be expreſt.
Thouſand freſh Loves he gave me every hour,
VVhile eagerly I did his Looks devour:
Quite overcome with Charms, I trembling lay,
At every Look he gave, melted away;
I was ſo highly happy in his Love,
Methought I pity'd thoſe that dwelt above.

Think

Think then thou greateſt, lovelieſt, falſeſt Man,
How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and than
My faithleſs Dear, be cruel if you can.
How I have lov'd, I cannot, need not tell;
No, every Act has ſhewn I lov'd too well.
Since firſt I ſaw you, I ne're had a Thought,
VVas not entirely yours; to you I brought
My Virgin Innocence, and freely made
My Love an Offering to your Noble Bed:
Since when, you've been the Star by which I've (ſteer'd
And nothing elſe but you, I lov'd, or fear'd:
Your Smiles I onely liv'd by, and I muſt
VVhen e're you Frown, be ſhatter'd into Duſt.
I cannot live on Pity, or Reſpect,
A Thought ſo mean, wou'd my whole Frame infect,
Leſs than your Love I ſcorn, *Sir*, to accept.
Let me not live in dull Indiff'rency,
But give me Rage enough to make me die:
For if from you I needs muſt meet my Fate,
Before your Pity, I wou'd chooſe your *Hate*.

To

To Madam F.

DIvineſt Thing! whom Heaven made to ſhew
The very utmoſt that its Skill cou'd do:
If you had liv'd in ancient *Rome*, or *Greece*,
You had had Altars built you long ere this.
Not all the Pow'rs they worſhip'd, e're poſſeſt
Half of the Merit crouds your Noble Breſt.
So Good, ſo Great, ſo Brave, ſo Heavenly Fair;
Princes are proud your Lovely Chains to wear:
So perfect are the Vertues of your Mind,
Not Envy's ſelf, a ſingle Stain can find:
The Vaſtneſs of your Gallant Soul doth move
The World to pay an Univerſal Love.
Yet at an awful Diſtance they admire;
Beyond a Veneration none aſpire.
Oh, may theſe Bleſſings have a laſting Date,
And You be ſafe from all the Strokes of Fate:
My Wiſh is vain, (and Pray'rs are needleſs too)
Heav'n is too Juſt to be Unkind to You.

SONG.

SONG.

KNow, *Strephon*, once I lov'd you more
Than Miſers do their Wealth;
I took from Heaven you to adore,
And thought no Sin i'th' Stealth:
I knew no Joys, but what you gave,
Nor ever had a Thought
Of any ſtate beyond your Slave,
Freedom I never ſought.

2.

But ſince your ſtrange Ingratitude,
Cou'd the ſoft Favours ſlight,
For which your Rivals vainly ſu'd,
Know you've no longer Right,
To the leaſt Joy that I can give,
So unconcern'd I'le prove,
The World ſhall eaſily believe
That I did never love.

To

To the Angry *Eugenia.*

INcenſed Fair One! if Forgiveneſs be
Not in thy Power to extend to Me;
Which to believe, were ſuch an impious Thought,
Heav'n ſcarce wou'd pardon, tho with Tears 'twere ſought.
Deſtroy at once the Creature that you hate,
And wrack me not with a ſad ling'ring Fate:
Yet e're I Die, permit ſome ſmall Defence,
Not that I will pretend to Innocence;
That were to think that You have been Unjuſt,
Which let me Periſh when I once Miſtruſt.
With all that Rev'rence that a Pious *Jew*
Wou'd name *Jehovah*, I ſhould Speak of You:
But I, prophanely nam'd you in the Ear
Of Crowds unfit ſuch Sacred Sounds to hear:
Yet what I ſaid, if traced, you will find,
Tho ſhort of you, out-did all Woman-kind.

My

My Fault was too much Zeal; this forc'd my Tongue
To tell the Worth it had Adored long.
My Life will witneſs this; for, Madam, know,
I love too well to Live and Injure You.

SONG.

AH *Phillis*! had you never lov'd,
Your Hate I could have born
Contentedly, I wou'd have prov'd
The Object of your Scorn.
But you were once as ſoft, as kind,
As yielding Virgins be;
Gods! that That Face ſhou'd have a Mind
Stain'd with Inconſtancy.

2

No Tongue can tell the Mighty Joy
Your Kindneſs did Create;
But the Sweet Rapture you deſtroy,
With ſuddain cauſeleſs Hate.

So

So have I ſeen a Riſing Sun
Promiſe a glorious day;
But ſoon o'er-caſt its brightneſs gone,
Did to rough Storms give way.

To Madam G.

SPight of my beſt Reſolves, my Thoughts aſpire
To ſpeak, what I in ſilence ſhou'd admire:
How vainly I endeavour to expreſs
What none can e'er deſcribe, but make it leſs:
When your Compoſure was at firſt deſign'd,
Heaven to a vaſt extravagance was kind:
Beauty and Wit did laviſhly conteſt, (beſt.
Who ſhou'd give moſt, which ſhou'd adorn you
A ſtately Meen, ſoft Charms, a Face ſo ſweet;
In you alone do all Perfections meet.
So bright your Beauty, ſo ſublime your Wit,
None but a Prince to wear your Chains is fit.

I wou'd wiſh ſomething, but all Heavens ſtore
Cannot afford one ſingle bleſſing more:
Honour nor Wealth you want, nor any thing,
Unleſs I wiſh you a Perpetual Spring
Of Youth and blooming Beauties, ſuch as may
Make all your envious Rivals pine away.

A Nuptial Song.

JOy to the Bridegroom, fill the Skies
With pleaſing Sounds of welcom Joys.
Joy to the Bride, and laſting Bliſs,
That every Night may prove like this.

You that enjoy ſuch Beauties fair,
Be true to love, I ſay take care;
For that which grieves a Female moſt,
Is to find her Expectation croſt.

Never

Never were Marriage Joys Divine,
But when two did in one combine:
And he that proves falſe himſelf doth cheat,
As ſick men taſte but cannot eat.

What is a Maidenhead, O what?
Of which weak Fools ſo often prate?
Oh 'tis a Virgins pride and boaſt,
That ne'er was found but when 'twas loſt.

Loves Revenge.

Phillis, whoſe Heart was unconfin'd,
And free as Flowers on Meads and Plains;
None boaſted of her being kind,
'Mongſt all the languiſhing and am'rous Swains.
No ſighs or tears her Heart could move,
To pity or return their Love.

Till on a time the hapleſs Maid
Retir'd to ſhun the heat of day,
Into a Grove beneath whoſe ſhade
Strephon the careleſs Shepherd ſlept and lay.
Here Love's reveng'd for all her ſcorn,
Her Cheeks with bluſhes cover'd mourn.

The Youth ſhe pitied too, and fear'd,
And tender Sighs her boſom warm;
A ſoftneſs in her Eyes appear'd,
Unuſually ſhe feels each Charm.
To Woods and Echoes then ſhe cries,
For Modeſty to ſpeak denies.

Phylander and Phylenia.

Phylander walking all alone,
Phylenia paſs'd that way;
The faireſt Nymph of all the Plain,
Brighter than bluſhing day.

The

The Youth delighted in his Bow,
No youthful Dart he fear'd:
Onely to conquer he knew how,
Till that bright Star appear'd.

But now his warlike Rage is fled,
A Suppliant he became,
And onely begg'd *Phylenia* would
Accept his amorous Flame.

The Nymph was coy, and did refuſe
To hear him tell his Love:
And would have fled, but ſtreight the Youth
Invok'd the mighty *Jove.*

Who from his Heav'n on them look'd down,
And caus'd the God of Charms
To ſtick a Dart into her Heart,
And force her to his Arms.

Which *Cupid* cunnigly perform'd,
So excellent was his art,
That by conſent ſhe gave the Youth
Her Virgin Hand and Heart.

The Farewel to Ingratitude.

FArewel ungrateful Traytor,
Farewel my perjur'd Swain;
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe a Man again.
The pleaſure of poſſeſſing
Surpaſſes all expreſſing,
But Joy's too ſhort a bleſſing,
And Love's too long a pain.
But Joy's, &c.

O Love, thou art a Treaſure,
Would Conſtancy remain;

But

But for one hour of pleaſure
We find an age of pain.
How eager is the Lover,
Poor Women may diſcover,
The Vows of Men are vain.
Poor Women, &c.

'Tis eaſie to deceive us,
In pity of our pain;
But when we love you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
There is no bliſs beſides it,
But ſhe that once hath try'd it,
Will never love again.
But ſhe, &c.

The Paſſions you pretended
Were only to obtain;
But when the Charm was ended,
The Charmer you diſdain.

Your Love by hours we measure,
Till we have loſt our Treaſure;
But Dying is a pleaſure,
When Living is a pain.
But Dying, &c.

SONG.

COme Laſſes and Lads,
Take leave of your Dads,
And away to the Maypole hie;
Where every Lad
Has got him a Laſs,
And a Minſtrel ſtanding by.

Then after an hour
They went to a Bower,
To play for Ale and Cakes;

For

For Kiſſes too,
Untill they were due,
The Maidens they held ſtakes.

The Laſſes then began
To quarrel with the Men,
And bid 'em take their Kiſſes back,
Which we (quoth they)
Will throw away,
For we do not them lack.

You're out, ſays *Dick*;
You lie, ſays *Nick*,
For the Piper he plays falſe;
And ſo ſaid *Hugh*,
And ſo ſaid *Sue*,
And ſo ſaid nimble *Alce*.

The Piper then
In a merry vein

Began

Began to play the Tune agen:
And then by the Maſs,
Oh how every Laſs
Did jet it, jet it to the Men.

Recreation allowed.

SInce Buſineſs of State is already decreed,
Make room for Affairs of the Court:
Imployments and Pleaſures each other ſucceed,
Becauſe they each other ſupport.

Were Princes confin'd from ſlack'ning their Mind,
When by cares in confuſion they'r hurl'd;
Then a Crown might appear too heavy to wear,
And no man would govern the World.

If the Gods themſelves, who have power enough,
In Diverſions are various and oft;

The

The buſineſs of Kings being angry and rough,
Their Intervals ought to be ſoft.
The buſineſs of Kings, &c.

But for hope Heart would break.

CAn Life be a bleſſing, or worth the poſſeſſing;
Can Life be a bleſſing where Love is away?
Ah no, though our Laugh it might keep us waking,
And though he torment us with care all the day;
Yet he ſweetens, he ſweetens our pains in the taking
There's an hour at laſt, there's an hour to repay.

In every poſſeſſing each raviſhing bleſſing,
In every poſſeſſing the fruit of our pain:
Poor Lovers forget the long Ages of anguiſh,
What e'er they have ſuffer'd or done to obtain.
'Tis a pleaſure, a pleaſure to ſigh and to languiſh,
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

A Ra-

A Rapture.

HEnce, hence, you vain Fantaſtic Fears
Of Ills to come we know not where:
Stand off with thy Infernal Face,
Don't fright me from my Love's Embrace.
To what a height ſhould we love on,
Were thou and all thy Shadows gone?

Sigh, ſigh no more, to cry forbear,
To ſin we neither muſt nor dare:
If ſin can in ſuch pleaſure dwell,
Or ſuch can be the Gates of Hell,
What Fleſh can hold from entering in?
Heavens forgive ſo ſweet a ſin!

Down, down, ſhe doth begin to fall,
And now the Shadows vaniſh all;

And

And now the Gates are ope to bliss,
See how we enter Paradise;
Where envying Angels flock to view,
And wonder what it is we do.

SONG.

HAil to the Myrtle Shade!
All hail to the Nymphs of the Fields!
Kings will not here invade,
Though Vertue all freedom yields.
Beauty here opens her Arms,
To soften the languishing Mind;
And *Phillis* unlocks her Charms.
Oh *Phillis*, Oh why so kind!

Phillis the Soul of Love,
And Joy of the neighbouring Swains;
Phillis that crowns the Groves,
And *Phillis* that guilds the Plains.

Phillis

Phillis that ne'er had the skill
To paint, or to patch, or be fine;
Yet *Phillis* whose Eyes can kill,
Whom Nature has made Divine.

Phillis whose charming Tongue
Makes labour and pain a delight:
Phillis that makes the Day young,
And shortens the live-long Night.
Phillis whose Lips like *May*
Still smile on the pleasures they bring,
Where Love never knew decay,
But keeps an Eternal Spring.

Loves Advice.

BLush not redder than the morning,
Though the Gipsie gives you warning:
Sigh not at the chance befell you,
Though she smile and dares not tell you.

Maids

Maids like Turtles love the Cooing,
Bill and murmur in their wooing;
Thus like us they'll ſtart and tremble,
And their ſtudied Joys diſſemble.

Graſp the pleaſure while 'tis coming,
Though your Beauties now are blooming:
Time at laſt thoſe Joys will ſever,
And they'll part, they'll part for ever.

The Expoſtulation.

INſulting Charmer of my languiſh'd Heart,
Canſt thou feel Love, and yet not let me go?
Since of my ſelf from thee I cannot part;
Deviſe ſome gentle way to let me go.

For what with eaſe thou didſt obtain,
And I with more did give;

In time will make thee falſe and vain,
And me unfit to live.

Then let our flaming Hearts be joyn'd
Whole in that ſmoking Fire,
Ere you prove falſe or I prove kind,
Together both expire.

The Conteſt.

A Lovely Pair endu'd by Fate
With Love and Beauties whole Eſtate,
At the ſweeteſt Game had been,
You know, you know what I mean.
You know, &c.

For Kiſſes firſt the Lovers plaid;
The pleaſant ſport provok'd the Maid

To

To the height. He growing mad,
Was like to play for all ſhe had;
But the Maid was not ſo mad.
But the Maid, &c.

She'll ask her Father leave ſhe ſwears,
And then will play for what he dares:
Leave is had, and to't they go;
What I mean you know, you know.
What I mean, &c.

To deeper play they then begin,
The young mans happy hand was in;
Both had ſtak'd down all their joys,
But ſhe loſes then ſhe cries.
But ſhe loſes, &c.

But now ſhe's gain'd, a tempting ſight,
Has won her Heart full of delight;

Mo deeper Play ſhe urges on,
But alas! his Stakes are done.
But alas! &c.

No Reaſon to be given.

AH *Celia*, when we lately lov'd,
Then I enjoy'd your Heart alone;
And you my Paſſion too approv'd,
And call'd me ſtill your Loyal one.

When equal Flames and like Deſires
Lay ſparkling in each others eyes,
And all the Joys that Love inſpires
Were then the ſubject of our Fires:

There was no Coyneſs to embrace,
At which the ſowre can onely wonder:
For what the Souls think no diſgrace;
The Bodies ne'er could part aſunder.

And

And who can tell how often we
By joyning Lips have Souls exchang'd,
While Pleasure triumph'd thus to see
Th'exchang'd so pleasantly reveng'd.

Yet still our Flames were pure and chaste,
As chaste as are the morning Beams;
How chanc'd it then they did not last,
What Fuel fail'd to feed such Flames?

Ah *Celia*, *Celia*, well thou knowst,
It was no fault of thine or mine;
But truest Lovers must be crost,
When ever Love and Fate combine.

Else Love and Fate had different aims;
And Love (to curb Fates envious pow'r)
Himself put out those am'rous Flames,
Which he had cherished so before.

Pro *and* Con.

ON the Bank of a River close under a Shade
Young *Celia* and *Strephon* one evening were laid:
The Youth pleaded strongly for the faults of his Love,
But Honour constrain'd her his Flames to reprove.

She cries, Where's the Lustre when Clouds shade the Sun?
Or where is the *Nectar* when the Bottles are done?
Among Flowers on Stalks sweet Odors do dwell,
But when gathered the Rose it loseth his smell.

Thou dearest of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd replied,
If ever thou't argue begin on Loves side:

In

In matters of State let all reaſon be ſhew'd,
But Love is a Power not rul'd by the Crowd.

Nor ſhould the coy Dame be counted ſo rare,
For Scandal can't touch the chaſt and the fair:
More nobler Paſſions are lodg'd in that Breſt,
And the Joys of true Love are ſweeter than Reſt.

Jemmey.

YOung *Jemmey* was a Lad
Of Royal Birth and Breeding,
With every Beauty clad,
And every Swain exceeding:
A Face, a Shape ſo wond'rous fine,
So charming every part,
That every Laſs upon the Green
For *Jemmey* had a Heart.

In *Jemmey's* powerful eyes
Young Gods of Love were playing,
And on his Face was seen
A thousand Smiles betraying.
But oh he dances with a grace,
None like him e'er was seen;
No God that ever feigned was,
Had e'er so fine a Mien.

To *Jemmey* every Swain
Did lowly doff his Bonnet,
And every Lass would strain
To praise him with a Sonnet.
The pride of all the Lads he was,
The Joy of all the Groves;
The pleasure of each tender Lass,
The Theme of all our Loves.

But Oh unlucky Fate,
A curse upon Ambition;

The busie Fools of late
  Have ruined his Condition:
The glittering Hopes have left his Shade,
  His glorious Hours are gone,
By flattering Knaves and Fools betray'd,
  Poor *Jemmey* is undone.

To Scornful Sylvia.

OH fie upon this needless scorn,
Sylvia for shame thy Cheat give o'er;
The end for which the Fair were born,
  Is not to keep their Charms in store.
But lavishly dispose in haste
  Of Joys which none but Youth improve;
Joys which decay when Beauty's past,
  And who when Beauties past will love?

When Age these Glories shall deface,
  Revenging all your cold disdain;

And *Sylvia* ſhall neglected paſs
By every briſk admiring Swain.
And we can onely pity pay,
When you alone too late ſhall burn,
If Love decreaſe and Youth decay,
Ah *Sylvia* who will make return?

Then haſte my *Sylvia* to the Grove,
Where all the Sweets of *May* conſpire,
To teach us every Art of Love,
And raiſe our Charms of Pleaſure higher.
And when embracing we ſhall lie,
Cloſely in Shades on Banks of Flowers;
The duller World we'll then defie,
Years will be Minutes, Ages Hours.

The Green-Sickneſs Cure.

FAir Ladies & Maidens, if it may you ſo pleaſe,
We Doctors who all have taken Degrees,

By

By your Faces so pale, that look like Green
Cheeses,
Do shrewdly conjecture all what your Dis-
ease is;
We guess what your wants are,
'Cause we know you no Saints are;
Then take our advice for we tell ye demurely,
After tedeous debate
Of your sickly estate,
'Tis onely a brisk young Doctor can cure ye.

In vain Men-midwives may trouble your
Chambers,
An impertinent Brood, onely Quacks for the
Glanders:
You may steal a Receipt from the Countess of
Kent,
You may thumb the *Queens Closet*, 'tis time but
ill spent;

You may ſwallow Steel Pills,
And run up high Hills;
But take our advice, for we tell ye demurely,
After tedeous debate
Of your ſickly eſtate,
'Tis onely a brisk young Doctor can cure ye.

We muſt tell ye moreover we ſent into *France*,
Where the Doctors agree to what we advance.
Oh Ladies ſo ill, and ſo weak of Belief,
When your Doctors from *France* do ſend ye relief!
Will you die, and deſpiſe
Your dear *Frenchmen* ſo wiſe?
Then take our advice, for we tell ye demurely,
After ſerious debate
Of your ſickly eſtate,
'Tis onely a brisk young Doctor can cure ye.

We muſt tell ye beſides for the ſake of your Bums
That the Coffee Houſe news is more *Whipping Toms*.

Then

Then Ladies beware, for if once he ſhould find ye
Deſpiſing the *French*, & thoſe that are kind t'ye;
For eating Oatmeal and Coals
He'll ſmoke your Bung-holes,
And teach you to take good advice: For demurely
As we ſtated the caſe
His Opinion was,
That onely a brisk young Doctor could cure ye.

In praiſe of Wine.

CEaſe to argue, for they err,
That ſententiouſly ſevere
Diſpraiſe the noble Wine:
'Tis the ſober part of the World that is mad,
That muſing and ſad,
Defames the Juice of the Vine.

They that feigned the Gods carowſing,
But new Charms to Pleaſures rowſing,

From

From high Example taught;
Leſt Nature ſurpriz'd to hear Gravity cant,
Should Arguments want,
To convince the Formal Coat.

Turks forbid this pleaſing Cup,
Forfeit Heaven to drink it up,
And ſwill Abonination:
For their Conqueſts untill'd, where *Nectar* did (flow
Moſt plainly do ſhew
Their Prophets Impolitic Paſſion.

Give us then the happy Juice,
That doth wit and mirth infuſe,
Which Mortals all admire;
By whoſe Charms they have given to *Bacchus* the (praiſe,
But put to diſgrace
The deſerving Chief of Fire.

Loyal

Loyal Wine no Treason hatches,
But inspiring Odes and Catches,
Still provokes to new Delights:
'Tis *Food* is the Rebel, & your Gluttons are they,
That Vulture-like prey
Upon their Princes Rights.

For with vain and idle grudges,
To presume as Princes Judges
Of Princes Acts to Reason;
Is a Boldness so high and so void of Religion,
That Coffee less *Stygian*
Nere vented fouler Treason.

SONG.

Phillis accept a stubborn Heart,
Which none but you could move:
Beauty like yours should scorn a part
In forcing perjur'd Love.

Yet

Yet I alas have ſeen you ſmile
As one makes Love a Trade:
You ſmil'd, but thought (I hope) the while
On thoſe he had betray'd.

Muſt all be cozened that are fair,
And ſlighted that are true;
'Tis time for me then to deſpair,
My Heart's ſo juſt to you.

If you're engag'd then I'm undone,
Though you ſhould change to me;
For ſhe that can prove falſe to one,
Will falſe for ever be.

CATCH.

HOld faſt thy Sword and Sceptre, *Charles*,
Sad Times are coming on:

The

The murmuring of the Senate House
Smells strong of *Forty One.*

When Kings are call'd to give account
What their Expences be;
It is a sign we are all Kings,
Or that no King can be.

Give way but to their Wills awhile,
And you shall find as great
A Will in them to act anew
From *One* to *Forty Eight.*

Hold, cruel *England*, hold, in thee
Though all Rebellion springs:
Consider but thine end from me,
That kill'd the best of Kings.

The Maim'd Debauchee.

As some brave Admiral in former War
Depriv'd of Force, but pres's'd with Courage still
Two Rival Fleets appearing from afar,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent Hill;

From whence with thoughts full of concern he views
The wise & daring Conduct of the Fight
And each bold Action to his Mind renews
His present Glory and his past Delight.

From his fierce eyes Flashes of Rage he throws,
As from thick Clouds when Lightning breaks away;
Transported thinks himself amidst his Foes,
And absent yet enjoys the bloudy day.

So when my Days of Impotence approach,
And I'm by Pox and Wines unlucky chance,

Dri-

Driven from the pleasing Billows of Debauch,
On the dull Shore of lazy Temperance.

My pains at last some respit shall afford,
While I behold the Battels you maintain;
When Fleets of Glasses sail about the Board,
From whose Broad-sides Volleys of Wit shall (rain.

Nor shall the sight of Honourable Scars,
Which my too forward Valour did procure,
Frighten new listed Souldiers from the Wars,
Past Joys have more than paid what I endure.

Should hopeful Youth (nice, (worth being drunk) prove
And from their fair Inviters meanly shrink;
'Twould please the Ghost of my departed Vice,
If at my counsel they repent and drink.

Or thou'd some cold complexion'd Sot forbid,
With his dull Morals our Nights brisk Alarms

I'll fire his Bloud by telling what I did,
When I was ſtrong and able to bear Arms.

I'll tell of Whores attacqu'd their Lords at home,
Bawds Quarters beaten up and Fortreſs won:
Windows demoliſh'd, Watches overcome,
And handſom Ills by my contrivance done.

With Tales like theſe I will ſuch heat inſpire,
As to important miſchief ſhall incline:
I'll make them long ſome ancient Church to fire,
And fear no lewdneſs they're call'd to by Wine.

This Stateſman like I'll ſawcily impoſe,
And ſafe from danger valiantly adviſe;
Shelter'd in Impotence urge you to Blows,
And being good for nothing elſe be wiſe.

Upon his leaving his Mistress.

'Tis not that I am weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone:
But with what face can I incline
To damn you to be onely mine?
You whom some tender Power did fashion
By Merit and by Inclination,
The Joy at least of one whole Nation.

Let meaner Spirits of your Sex
With humbler aims their thoughts perplex;
And boast, if by their Arts they can
Contrive to make one happy Man:
Whilest mov'd by an impartial sence,
Favours like Nature you dispence
With universal Influence.

See the kind Seed receiving Earth
To every Grain affords a birth:
On her no Showers unwelcom fall,
Her willing Womb retains them all.
And shall my *Celia* be confin'd?
No, live up to thy mighty mind,
And be the Mistress of Mankind.

Upon the view of his Mistress Face in a Glass.

AH cruel Glass, didst thou not see
Cloris alone too hard for me?
Perceiv'dst thou not her charming sight
Did ravish mine in cruel fight?
But then another she must frame,
Whose single Forces well might tame
A Lovers Heart; no Humane one
Is proof against her force alone.

Ye

Yet did I venture (though ſtruck mute)
The Beauteous Viſion to ſalute;
But that, like Air in figur'd Charms,
Deceiv'd the ambuſh of my Arms.
'Twas ſome wiſe Angel her ſhape took,
That ſo he might more heavenly look.
I her old Captive now do yield
Her ſhadowed ſelf another field;
By ſuch odds overcome to die,
Is no diſhonour'd Victory.

SIGHS.

OH tell me, tell thou God of Wind,
In all thy Caverns canſt thou find
A Vapour, Flame, a Gale, or Blaſt,
Like to a Sigh which Love doth caſt?
Can any Whirlwind in thy Vault
Plow up the Heart with like aſſault?

Go Wind, and blow then where thou pleaſe,
Yea breathleſs leave me to my eaſe.

If thou be'ſt Wind, O then reſtrain
From wrecking me whileſt I complain.
If thou be'ſt Wind, then light thou art,
And yet how heavy is my Heart?
If thou be'ſt Wind, then clear thy way,
Let Care that clogs thy force obey.
Go Wind, &c.

Theſe blaſts of ſighing rouſed are
By th'influence of my bright Star:
The *Eolus* from whence they came
Is Love that ſtrains to blow the ſame.
The angry ſway of whoſe beheſt
Makes Hearth and Bellows of one Breſt.
Go Wind, &c.

Know

Know 'tis a Wind that longs to blow
Upon my Saint where e'er ſhe go;
And ſtealing through her Fan it bears
Soft Errands to her Lips and Ears;
And then perhaps a paſſage makes
Down to the Heart where Breath ſhe takes.
Go Wind, &c.

Yea gentle Gale try it again,
O do not paſs from me in vain;
Go mingle with her Soul Divine,
Engendering Spirits like to mine.
Yea take my Soul along with thee
To work a ſtronger Sympathy.
Go Wind, &c.

My Soul before the groſſer part
Thus to her Heaven ſhould depart;
And when my Body cannot lie
On the Winds wings, ſhe ſoon ſhall fly;

Though not one Soul our Bodies joyn,
Our Bodies ſhall our Souls combine.
Go Wind and blow then where you pleaſe,
Yea breathleſs leave me to my eaſe.

To his Letter.

FLy Paper, kiſs thoſe hands
Whence I am barr'd of late;
She quickly will unlooſe thy bands,
O wiſh me thine eſtate.

Appear unto her eyes,
Though they do burn to fumes;
For happy is the Sacrifice,
Which Heavenly Fire conſumes.

Yet even too with this depart
With a ſoft dying breath;

Whiſper

Whiſper the truths into her ear,
And take them on thy death!

Tell her how thou canſt now,
New Oaths or give or take;
Or to repeat the former vow
We did each other make.

Say thou cameſt to complain,
But not of Love nor her;
But on my Fortune being ſain
Thus abſent to confer.

When thou haſt offer'd this,
Perhaps then for thy pain
She will impart to thee a Kiſs,
And read thee o'er again.

Perhaps when for my ſake
Her Lips have made thee bleſt;

That

That ſo embalm'd thee, ſhe will make
Thy Grave within her Breſt.

Oh never then deſire
To riſe from ſuch a doom:
Who would not leave his Life t'aſpire
By Death to ſuch a Tomb?

Then in thy Joys exceſs
Melt, languiſh, faint, and die:
For might I have ſo free acceſs,
Sure even ſo would I.

Upon a Drinking Bowle.

Vulcan contrive me ſuch a Cup
As *Neſtor* us'd of old;
Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with Gold.

Make

Make it ſo large that fill'd with Sack
Up to the ſwelling Brim,
Vaſt Toaſts on the delicious Lake
Like Ships at Sea may ſwim.

Engrave not Battel on his cheek,
With War I've nought to do;
I'm none of thoſe that took *Maeſtricht*,
Nor *Yarmouth* Leaguer know.

Let it no name of Planets tell,
Fix'd Stars, or Conſtellations;
For I am no *Sir Sydrophel*,
Nor none of his Relations.

But carve thereon a ſpreading Vine,
Then add two lovely Boys,
Their Limbs in amorous folds intwine,
The type of future Joys.

Cupid

Cupid and *Bacchus* my Saints are,
May Drink and Love ſtill reign;
With Wine I waſh away my cares,
And then to Love again.

SONG.

AS *Cloris* full of harmleſs thoughts
Beneath a Willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought
To paſs the time away.

She bluſh'd to be encountered ſo,
And chid the amorous Swain:
But as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
He pull'd her down again.

A ſudden paſſion ſeiz'd her heart
In ſpight of her diſdain;

She found a Pulſe in every part,
And Love in every vein.

Ah you (ſaid ſhe) what Charms are theſe,
That conquer and ſurprize?
Ah let me—— for unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no power to riſe.

She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he ſhould comply;
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
And gives her Tongue the Lie.

Thus ſhe who Princes had denied,
With all their pomp and train,
Was in the lucky minute tried,
And yielded to the Swain.

An Answer to Ephelia's *Letter to* Bajazet.

MAdam, if y're deceiv'd, it is not by my cheat,
For all Disguizes are below the Great.
What Man or Woman upon earth can say,
I ever us'd 'em well above a day?
How is it then that I inconstant am?
It changes not that always is the same.
In my dear self I centre every thing,
My Servants, Friends, my Mistress, and my King;
Nay Heaven and Earth to that one point I bring.
Well manner'd, honest, generous, and stout,
Names by dull Fools to plague Mankind found out,
Should I regard I must my self constrain,
And 'tis my Maxim to avoid all pain.
You fondly look for what none e'er could find,
Deceive your self, and then call me to mind:

And

And by false Reasons would my Falshood prove,
For 'tis as natural to change as love.
You may as justly at the Sun repine,
Because alike it does not always shine.
No glorious thing was ever made to stay,
My Blazing Star but visits and away:
As fatal too it shines as those i'th' Skies,
'Tis never seen but some great Lady dies.
The boasted favour you so precious hold,
To me's no more than changing of my Gold.
What e'er you gave I paid you back in bliss,
Then where's the Obligation pray of this?
If heretofore you found grace in my eyes,
Be thankful for it, and let that suffice:
But Women Beggar-like still haunt the door,
Where they've receiv'd a Charity before.
O Happy Sultan, whom we Barbarous call,
How much refin'd art thou above us all?
Who envies not the joys of thy Serale?

Thee like some God the trembling Crowd adore;
Each man's thy Slave and womankind thy Whore.
Methinks I see thee underneath the shade
Of Golden Canopy supinely laid.
Thy crowding Slaves all silent as the Night,
But at thy nod all active as the Light.
Secure in sullen sloth thou there dost reign,
And feelest the joys of Love without the pain.
Each Female courts thee with a wishing Eye,
While thou with awful pride walkst careless by;
Till thy kind pledge at length marks out one Dame,
Thou fanciest most to quench thy present Flame.
Then from thy Bed submissive she retires,
And thankful for the Grace no more requires.
No loud reproach, nor foul unwelcom sound
Of Womens Tongues thy sacred Ear does wound:
If any do, a nimble Muse streight ties
The True-loves Knot, and stops her foolish cries.

Thou

Thou feareſt no injur'd Kinſmans threatning Blade,
Nor Midnight Ambuſhes by Rivals laid:
While here with aking Hearts our Joys we taſte,
Diſturb'd by Swords like *Damocles* his Feaſt.

SONG.

GIve me leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due:
To call you falſe, and then to ſay,
You ſhall not keep my Heart a day;
But alas againſt my will,
I muſt be your Captive ſtill.
Ah be kinder then, for I
Cannot change, but would not die.

Kindneſs has reſiſtleſs Charms,
All beſides but weakly move;

Fierceſt Anger it diſarms,
And clips the wings of flying Love.
Beauty does the Heart invade,
Kindneſs onely can th'Heart perſuade:
It guilds the Lovers Servile Chain,
And makes the Slave grow pleas'd again.

The Anſwer.

NOthing adds to your fond Fire
More than Scorn or cold Diſdain;
I to cheriſh your deſire
Kindneſs us'd, but 'twas in vain.

You inſulted on your Slave,
Humble Love you ſoon refus'd:
Hope not then a power to have,
Which ingloriouſly you us'd.

Think not, *Thirſes*, I will e'er
By my Love my Empire loſe:
You grow conſtant through deſpair,
Love return'd you would abuſe.

Though you ſtill poſſeſs my Heart,
Scorn and Rigour I muſt feign.
Ah forgive that onely Art
Love has loſt your Love to gain.

You that could my Heart ſubdue
To new Conqueſts ne'er pretend;
Let your Example make me true,
And of a conquer'd Foe a Friend.

Then if e'er I ſhould complain
Of your Empire or my Chain;
Summon all your powerful Charms,
And ſell the Rebel in your Arms.

The Town Blade.

ROom, Room for a Blade of the Town,
That takes delight in roaring,
And daily rambles up and down,
And ſpends the night in whoring:

That for the noble name of Spark
Does his Companions rally;
Commits an outrage in the dark,
Then ſlinks into an Alley.

To every Female that he meets,
He ſwears he bears affection;
Defies all Laws, Arreſts, and Fears,
By the help of a kind Protection.

Then

Honour 's got in, and keeps her heart,
Durſt he but venture once abroad;
In my own right I'd take your part,
And ſhut him out from his aboad.

This huffing Honour dominiers
In Breaſts alone where he has place;
But if true generous Love appears,
The Hector dares not ſhew his face.

Let me ſtill languiſh and complain,
Be moſt inhumanly deny'd;
I have ſome pleaſure in my pain,
She can have none with all her pride.

I fall a Sacrifice to Love,
She lives a Wretch for Honours ſake;
Whoſe Tyrant does moſt cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

Conſider real Honour then,
You'll find hers cannot be the ſame;
'Tis Noble Confidence in Men,
In Women mean diſtruſtful Shame.

SONG.

PHillis, be gentler I adviſe,
Make up for Time ill ſpent:
When Beauty on its Death-bed lies,
'Tis high time to repent.

Such is the Malice of your Fate,
That makes you old ſo ſoon;
Your Pleaſure ever comes too late,
How early e'er begun.

Think what a wretched thing is ſhe,
Whoſe Stars contrive in ſpight,

The

The Morning of her Love ſhould be
Her fading Beauty's Night.

Then if to make your ruine more,
You'll peeviſhly be coy,
Die with the ſcandal of a Miſs,
And never know the Joy.

FINIS.